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WASHING-DAY AMONG THE ACADIANS ON THE BAYOU LAFOURCHE, LOUISIANA.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 670.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 20, 1866.

THE NEW ORLEANS REPORT.

THE Report of the military board of inquiry into the New Orleans riot confirms the opinion which every intelligent reader had formed from the facts published at the time. It was a preconcerted massacre of white and colored Union men by late rebel soldiers, with the assistance of the mob and the police, under the general direction of Mayor Monroe, who, while an unpardoned rebel, was elected to his office, and was pardoned by President Johnson expressly that he might assume it. The facts of the case are appalling. It is another of the tragical lessons which the people of this country can not safely disregard if they expect to restore public order and the authority of law. It shows us the imperative necessity of acting according to the facts, and not upon any general theory, however generous or plausible. The country must look the truth squarely in the face, and the truth is that the party which elected Monroe, and which planned and executed the fiendish slaughter in New Orleans, is the party with which the President and the Democratic party are allied, and which is again seeking the control of the Government. The success of the Democratic party would be the success of Mayor Monroe and the New Orleans conspirators; and whoever would not see a man like Monroe the chief magistrate of any city will not vote so as to put into power the party which palliates and defends his crimes.

Moreover, there is no reason to suppose that the bitterness and ferocity of feeling which is proved by this massacre to exist in one city is confined to that city. The riot at Memphis, if less elaborately organized, sprang from precisely the same spirit. The incredibly fierce tone of a large part of the newspapers in the late insurgent section, the private correspondence from that quarter of thousands at the North, universal experience and human nature itself, warn us that the worst of passions have survived actual hostilities; and that Generals Grant, Thomas, and Sheridan spoke merely the truth when they said that a military force must for a long time be maintained in that part of the country. Individual expressions of acquiescence are of little avail in the presence of the overwhelming evidence of the general hostile sentiment of the whole section. Any known Union man is, by the very nature of the case, a more competent witness of the actual condition of the South than any known late rebel. When an Alabama judge, like Mr. H. D. Clayton, lately a rebel general, in exhorting his fellow-citizens to their duty, tells them that they ought not to "sit down night and day cursing and gnawing their chains," but to conform to law, it is very evident that the spirit of the exhortation will hardly lead to a very hearty and zealous conformity. When the bench can express its acquiescence in no more satisfactory terms, the "bar" at the neighboring grocery will be very likely to do what it can to avenge its "chains;" and when Union men declare that they live in constant peril their testimony is confirmed by the tone of such an "acquiescing" judge.

Does it surprise any one who reads the Report of which we are speaking, and who reflects upon the state of society which it reveals, that the delegates to the Loyal Southern Convention at Philadelphia spoke and speak as they did? Governor Orr, Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, and other late rebel leaders, who were sustained by the sympathy of their section during the war, and enjoyed the honors of the rebellion without the least apprehension of suffering after its overthrow either from the Government or from their neighbors, talk in very smooth and dainty phrase of acquiescence and forgetfulness and conciliation. But the men whom the rebels during the war hated and hunted, and whom after the war they still hate and persecute, may, it seems to us, be allowed a little rhetorical warmth in the expression of their feelings. They declare that in their judgment, if we would radically and rapidly establish order in the disturbed section, we must make the rebel chiefs ineligible to office and enfranchise all our friends of whatever color. That is the revolutionary and anarchical doctrine with which they are charged. The Report of the New Orleans Commission makes it seem simply common-sense.

It can not be doubted that the New Orleans massacre has done more than the abstract argument of a year to impress the country with the conviction that we can not wisely hope for peace at the South so long as inequality of guarantees of personal and political liberty endure. That is the question which will now be steadily agitated until it is settled. The temper of the people at present inclines them to leave its solution to the necessary operation of the Constitutional Amendment. But the refusal of that measure will indicate a spirit with which the people will take the heroic method. The signs of this resolution are too plain to be avoided. The prompt adoption or refusal of the Amendment by the unrepresented States, after the elections show that it is the present essential condition of restoration, will serve as a test of the actual situation of those States. Their persistent refusal will show that the quality of their acquiescence has been misapprehended, and in the light of that knowledge the next step will be taken. If they adopt it, as we believe they will, the whole difficulty will be made more simple, and we shall be inclined to anticipate a speedy and happy settlement of every question. But, as we remarked last week, Congress has not tied its own hands, and there is no power which can bind them. We may be very sure that the new Congress will fully represent the sentiment of the country, and that its action will be truly the popular will.

The Report of the Commission leaves the tragical part of the President in the New Orleans massacre unchanged. Indeed, it serves only to confirm the conviction that he had already taken sides against the Convention, and was therefore unable to act wisely or humanely. Nothing is sadder than to observe, in this as in all passing events, his utter inability to comprehend the situation, or to give even a logical appearance to his own acts. Yet it is fortunate that the path of duty has been made so plain to the country. If the President had been a shrewd or reticent man; had he attempted the demoralization of the Union party with greater skill; had he protected the plainest rights of American citizens by defending the debates of the Convention at New Orleans, it might have been less clear to the popular mind than it now is that the total defeat of the party and the policy with which he is allied is essential to the national welfare.

SHORT CROPS.

As usual at this season there is an active amount of croaking about the crops. The rain has injured the wheat, and owing to cold weather in August the corn crop has not ripened. As for cotton, that crop is almost a failure. In some places the mischief is due to rain, in others to insects, in others to want of labor, in others to want of heat. Whatever the cause may have been the result is the same; the crop is far below general expectation. Some say 1,250,000 bales will be made; others not over 1,000,000. Altogether the prospect is blue.

This is what the newspapers tell us; and parties in the trade aver that their statements are correct.

Yet we have not the smallest hesitation in stating that, to the best of our knowledge and belief, there is not one atom of truth in all the stories of short crops.

It is quite likely that in some localities the cold weather of August and the wet weather of September may have injured the cereal crops. But if they injured the harvest in one meridian, they benefited it in another, and so the total damage done is nothing. This country is so large, and the land under cultivation so various, that it is hardly possible for the whole to be simultaneously affected by rain, or frost, or drought, or cold. Weather which would injure the wheat in Kentucky might help it in Minnesota; heat that would be fatal in Indiana would be just the thing for Wisconsin; rains that would be deplorable in Iowa would be very welcome in Southern Ohio. We have never had a full crop in this country, and probably never shall have one. If we ever have, the price of food will fall even lower than it ruled when corn went a-begging in Illinois at ten cents a bushel, and farmers on the prairies used it for fuel. Every year the crop fails in some localities owing to drought, or rain, or heat, or frost. The people of the blighted region set up a great howl over short crops; the newspapers re-echo the cry, and forth it goes to the world. How is it with more fortunate localities, where there is no shortcoming? They wisely hold their peace. They know that a prevailing belief in a short crop will insure them higher prices for their grain, and they would rather die than admit that in their region the harvest is a full average. Very often the cry of "short crop" is so loud and apparently general that a speculation in produce is based upon it. Then, especially, do the people of the prosperous regions forbear to let their good fortune be known. They are mute as field-mice. But when the country has been taught by the newspapers that a famine is impending, and the speculators have put prices up to a point which renders it profitable to import American wheat from Liverpool, these wary farmers have generally a fair supply to send to market—so much, in fact, as not unfrequently to break the speculators.

As to the cotton crop, we have no doubt but the original estimates of from two to two and a half millions of bales will be realized. Last year the soundest authorities refused to believe that the crop could amount to a million bales; yet over two millions came to market. At present the popular estimate, as we said, is 1,000,000 @ 1,250,000 bales. It is probably quite true, as alleged, that unfavorable weather has injured the crop in some localities. But the region in which cotton is grown, extending from the Atlantic sea-board to the American desert, and from the border of Mexico to the Ohio and the James rivers, is a pretty extensive country. There is room in that region for crop-failures in many counties without necessarily involving a falling off in the aggregate crop. We remember that even in 1860, when the crop exceeded 5,000,000 bales, there were localities which produced nothing. It must be remembered that, as with the food crop, it is the interest of all parties concerned to spread the belief that the cotton crop is short. A short crop means high prices. If Alabama can persuade the world that Mississippi will produce no cotton this year, she will get 30 per cent. more for her yield. Every story of unfavorable weather, or difficulty about labor, thrills the New York and Liverpool cotton markets, and puts money in the pocket of those who own cotton. The prevailing rumors of short crop must be read by the light of these facts.

For the rest, namely, the use which is being made of the cry of short crops in the gold market, quite a number of new considerations come into play. Gold has risen from 145 to 150, not so much on the belief in a short cotton and corn crop as upon the scarcity of gold at the financial centres, and the now general habit of importers to "hedge" against a decline in goods by short sales of gold. The custom among importers now is to sell at least half as much gold "short" as they have gold on hand. This, it is considered, places them in a conservative position. If gold falls, they make on their gold what they lose on their goods. If it rises, their goods rise in proportion. But meanwhile they are at the mercy of the operators of the Gold-Room, who, calculating to a fraction how much gold is afloat, and how much these importers require, can "corner" the market, and compel the shorts to pay them from ¼ to ½ per cent. a day for the use of gold for delivery. It would not be surprising if the speculators, using the manifest advantages of their position, should run up the premium four or five per cent. higher than it is; but it would be a mistake to ascribe the advance to a confirmation of the prevailing theory of short crops.

CIVIC REFORM IN NEW YORK.

It is a fatal objection to Mr. John T. Hoffman, Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, were all other wanting, that he is the candidate of the Ring which has made the name of New York city government a stench in the national nostrils. The vast corruption of the municipality is proverbial, and the Citizens' Association estimates that there are sixty thousand voters in the city who have an interest in maintaining it. If the estimate be correct nothing but a total revolution of public sentiment can save the city. Things will go from bad to worse until the city will be practically governed by the State. This is, of course, a purely abnormal condition. It is in conflict with the fundamental idea of popular government. But if your eyes are very weak indeed, you must sit in a very dark room and do as well as you can. When the city taxes consume all moderate incomes the citizens will gladly see the State coming to their relief.

At this moment the efficient departments in the city are under State control. The Police, the Fire Department, the new Sewerage, are managed by the State. Mayor Hoffman, in some fine phrases about the intelligence and energy of the city, protests. The Ring protests. The devourers of widows and orphans protest. The sharks and leeches, the thieves and bullies protest. But so long as the people of the city see that the municipal offices are the head-quarters of plunder, and that however honest a man the Mayor may be, he is the political associate of those who ravage the property of the people, they will not protest against the shield which the State offers for their protection.

The Citizens' Association professes to aim at a reform of these abuses, and it includes names of the highest respectability in its executive council and honorary council. But so long as the present party ascendency in the city continues we have little hope of a successful assault upon the present system of plunder. The Democratic majority in this city represents the worst elements of the population, and the agents of such a majority will generally represent its spirit. If the better class among the Democrats would emancipate themselves from the party tyranny for the purpose of civic reform there would be a fair prospect of improvement. But the party discipline has thus far proved too strong, and there are no special reasons why it should be relaxed. Even when a man of fair reputation, like Mr. Hoffman, is nominated for Mayor, it is simply an act of party drill. It is intended to hold the very votes which might rebel at a known corruptionist, with the purpose of securing the continued control of the Ring. Those who were persuaded of the patriotism of the Democratic party by its conduct during the war will perhaps believe in the honesty of municipal administration under Democratic rule; but we think no others will share their opinion.

The present palliative of the total local misgovernment of the city is Legislative interference; the ultimate remedy is the extinction of the Democratic party, which, however, will live longest at this point, because the conditions of its existence, ignorance and vice, are here most abundant.

LOUIS NAPOLEON UPON THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

There is a lull in exciting news from Europe, which is not disturbed by the circular of Louis Napoleon. Indeed, there is less curiosity now than formerly to know his opinions. The events of the summer have revealed Prussia as so united and powerful a kingdom that France has somewhat lost her conspicuous importance; and they have taught Europe and the world that as France is not the only great and united power, so Louis Napoleon is not the only shrewd and successful statesman of the times. He has certainly gained no prestige by his conduct during the late war. At its close Louis Napoleon finds the treaties of 1815, which he detests, at an end indeed, but not overthrown by him, nor overthrown in such a manner as to leave him master of the situation. It was, therefore, with a consciousness that he had a little lost consideration, and that there were those who actually believed him to have been snubbed by Bismarck, that the Emperor dismissed his minister of foreign affairs, summoned a new one to the post, and before he arrived issued a manifesto as a kind of political account current to show his estimate of the actual state of affairs.

In this circular there is nothing which is very new or very instructive. We are told that the treaties are gone, that Prussia has become the head of Germany, that Italy is a unit, that now perfect freedom of alliances remains to all the European powers, that France is satisfied and ought immediately to complete her military organization. All that is simply to say that there has been a new deal. But what the new game will be nobody can tell, and France will therefore be prepared for all kinds of emergencies.

This manifest is full of that vague rhetoric which is peculiar to the documents of French diplomacy. Commonplaces are stated with impressive solemnity, and platitudes with an imposing air of significance. "France" is constantly mentioned as an ideal existence of the most sensitive conscience and the loftiest pride. Its objects are simply human happiness. Its methods are touchingly honorable and moral. She "must always strive for moral and political aggrandizement by employing her influence for the great interests of civilization." To talk in this way is exquisitely ludicrous, because nobody is deceived and nobody supposes that any body is. "We knew that she knew and she knew that we knew that she knew," says the delightful author of "Cranford." It is precisely so with Louis Napoleon. While he withdraws from Mexico he treats mankind to these fine phrases; and mankind is supposed not to be seeing what he is doing because it is so busily believing what he is saying. But both he and mankind know perfectly well that, if he were meaning to fight to-morrow, Louis Napoleon would hold the same language.

From the Emperor's "elevated point of view" the horizon of Europe seems to be clear of "menacing eventualities." Peace has been secured without appeal to revolutionary passions, and such a peace must be durable. The moral of all this is that the war has ended without bringing France to the Rhine, and that she is to go thither, if at all, by negotiation. But of this nothing is directly said. That Louis Napoleon expected by remaining quiet during the war to push France to the Rhine can not be doubted. That, in common with the rest of Europe, he had no conception of the power and energy of Prussia the event shows. He is, therefore, exactly where he was before the war, with the general sense of his superior sagacity somewhat disturbed, and the general conviction of Bismarck's cleverness absolutely confirmed.

DANA'S WHEATON.

The subject of international law is one of universal interest; not merely, or even mainly, to the mere lawyer, since the great majority of lawyers never come professionally in contact with it, but to all who study public affairs, and desire to be in harmony with that world-wide sense of justice and moral right which is the foundation of international law. Mr. Wheaton's treatise on this great subject has long been a standard authority, as the fact of its having now reached its eighth edition would alone go far to prove. Not attempting to exhaust this department of the law, which might occupy many volumes of this size, Mr. Wheaton was satisfied to give a more comprehensive view of the elementary principles of his subject than could be found elsewhere in the English language.

The preparation of the last two editions of this valuable work was committed to a gentleman of some ability and great industry, who, however, labored under three serious defects—namely, prolixity, inaccurate acquaintance with syntax, and a violent partisanship, which, more-

over, was all in favor of a policy which his country has irrevocably condemned. The political tone of the last edition of "Wheaton" makes the book as obsolete as if it were three hundred years old instead of three. It is virtually made such a special plea for the rebellion that the State Department, which had been in the habit of supplying copies to its diplomatic agents, refused to take any more, and the sale of the work was absolutely stopped.

It is a matter of gratification to every statesman, jurist, or student of public affairs, who cordially accepts the true national policy of America, that this favorite volume has been at length rescued from the blight under which it had fallen, and that the preparation of the new edition has been intrusted to one of so ripe a scholarship, so truly judicial a mind, and so loyal a heart as Richard Henry Dana. He is the worthy successor of Mr. Wheaton and of Mr. Everett in the chair of International Law at Cambridge; and his personal character is so spotless that the attempt of Mr. William Beach Lawrence, the late editor of Wheaton, to sully it with a charge of the meanest and most stupid plagiarism, is merely contemptible. It is like accusing him of picking pockets. It is impossible to be gravely angry, for the utter absurdity of the charge. Since, however, Mr. Lawrence seriously undertakes to specify instances, and alleges that Mr. Dana appropriates his translated matter, we may mention that the most careful examination of the whole of Mr. Dana's annotated matter reveals a translation of the same passage by both editors in two instances only, and in each there is an entire difference of language. This is an illustration of the force of Mr. Lawrence's charge of literary fraud upon Mr. Dana. But the whole matter is exhaustively discussed in a note in the *North American Review* for October, to which we refer the reader.

Certain points of method are especially admirable in Mr. Dana's edition. In the first place, he has done well to discard all Mr. Lawrence's labor. In the next, he has rendered a substantial service by numbering the sections of the work continuously throughout. Again, his conciseness, which is at first sight rather startling, when compared with the overflowing margins and appendices of the previous editor, commends itself to the judgment, upon reflection, as in keeping with the general character of the book, which professes only to give the *elements* of international law.

But Mr. Dana's labors have higher merits than these. His style is extremely graceful and clear. He makes no disguise of his sympathy with liberty and humanity, while every where maintaining a judicial impartiality in declaring the *law*. So in dealing with controversies between his own country and foreign governments he cautiously avoids indulging so far in sympathy with his own nation as to allow his statements to be biased or his judgment to be perverted. For these reasons his notes will be likely to command the same universal respect which has been paid to the original text.

Many of Mr. Dana's notes will be found very interesting and instructive to general readers. We should mention particularly the notes on the Monroe Doctrine, on Naturalization, on the Impressment of Seamen, on the Slave Trade, on Privateering, on Neutrality laws, on the dispute between the British and American Governments concerning the course of the former during the war, and on Blockades. It is very satisfactory to be able to find such concise, lucid, and impartial statements of the facts and decisions in affairs of such importance.

We could wish that Mr. Dana had carried his revision of Mr. Wheaton's work one step further, and conformed the mode of citation to the established usage of law-books. No lawyer is accustomed to cite a case as "Dodson, i. 131. The Success." Mr. Wheaton, like some other eminent law-writers, was careless of these matters of detail; but so valuable a treatise should be made as perfect as possible.

A work like Dana's Wheaton is a national benefit, for it is a work in which subjects of vast national importance are treated with a due sense of their gravity; with a candor which seeks the truth above all things; in a practical spirit which aims at substantial usefulness, and not merely at the demonstration of a theory; and finally, with a clearness and elegance which can not fail to charm the taste and reach the understanding of every intelligent reader. May the day soon come when all law-books shall be thus scientific without being uncouthly technical!

A NEW SANITARY COMMISSION.

It is clear that the enfranchisement of all the people of the Southern States upon equal terms, by whatever authority, can not be very long delayed; and the education of those people is, therefore, a matter of national interest and importance. It is desirable in every way that there shall not be a vast population held in ignorance, whose votes shall be cast under the control of unpatriotic men whose interest might lead them to perpetuate that ignorance. And although education naturally follows the ballot there are social and political conditions under which obstructions will be thrown in its way. Thus, however rosy a view may be taken of the situation of the South, no wise man will spare any proper effort to diffuse education among the Freedmen as widely as possible. Indeed, from the moment the operations of the war opened the way there have not been wanting the most zealous and intelligent and persistent movements to arm the emancipated people with the alphabet.

This has been exclusively a voluntary movement. The Freedmen's Bureau is not charged with any interests of education. It can only incidentally help the work by defending the workers. The story of those workers, indeed, would be one of the most heroic chapters of our history. The earnestness, tenacity, wisdom, and moral intrepidity with which tenderly nurtured women and men have fought the frontier fight with ignorance and hatred, are but very vaguely known to the country. They have died quietly and unknown at their posts, many of them, as truly martyrs of the great cause as the most famous and beloved soldier who fell in the field, and over whose grave a grateful country builds an enduring monument. And the battle is instant. It is fought to-day, and all it asks of the country is a very moderate support. It is a fight, too, in which every blow tells, and tells permanently. Education is the natural security of emancipation. When the freedman can read, he is upon an absolute equality with his fellow-citizens, and has acquired a self-respect which is extremely incompatible with every kind of slavery.

Indeed, we waste words in urging the importance of popular education any where. But as the supplies of this work in the Southern States are failing, more, as we believe, from ignorance of the fact that supplies are needed than from any other reason, we commend to the most serious attention of our readers the following extract from the recent appeal of the American Freedmen's and Union Commission, the office of which is at No. 76 John Street, New York:

"There are 800,000 colored children in the South needing education and eager for the advantages of common schools; add to this nearly 600,000 whites who can neither read nor write, making in all nearly 1,400,000 that are capable of being made an immense blessing to the nation morally, religiously, socially, and pecuniarily. Of this number only 14,048 have been in our schools the past year. For want of funds only 250 teachers have been sent, where 25,000 are needed. Only 1405 teachers and 90,778 pupils have been sustained by all the volunteer societies. Our present engagements will deplete our treasury to the last cent, and we must soon announce to our old teachers that our treasury is empty, and that they can not be retained unless contributions come in more rapidly."

This is a mental and moral sanitary commission, which is the worthy successor of that other which during the war cared so effectively and nobly for the personal welfare of the soldiers. Now as then there are hundreds and thousands of devoted men and women in every State who are anxious to know how and where to serve the country. Let all such in their local circles organize a system of monthly subscription, which can be very readily done, and communicate with the office of the Commission. The character of the gentlemen who manage it is the sufficient security of the intelligence and economy with which all the funds will be employed. There are thousands who would gladly give a dollar a month, if no more, for the purpose if the opportunity were brought to them. Will not our country readers and friends consider?

PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, an old and warm personal friend of President Lincoln, in resigning his post as Auditor of the Treasury, speaks very plainly to President Johnson:

"You have betrayed the great Union party which elected Abraham Lincoln, and which, as an incident of the election, placed you in the office of Vice-President. You have deserted its principles, and are to-day in open cordial communion with those who sought the overthrow of the Republic, of those who for four long years made war upon our flag, and who crowned their long catalogue of crimes by the murder which placed you in the Executive chair.

"You are to-day persecuting and denouncing as traitors the life-long friends of Abraham Lincoln: those upon whom his great arm leaned for support in the hour of supreme peril for the Union; you are denouncing and persecuting these friends of Mr. Lincoln for no offense but fidelity to the principles and party which you have deserted.

"You have chosen as your friends and counselors from the lately rebellious States, not the persecuted, abused, faithful, heroic Union men, but those whose hands are yet stained with the blood of loyal men. In the loyal States your supporters and counselors are to a great extent with those whose sympathies were ever with rebels and traitors."

A MERE FALSEHOOD.

"A lie well stuck to" is sometimes supposed to be much more serviceable than the truth. So the party which opposed the war, which nominates Peace Democrats or Copperheads for Governors, and whose sole political capital is hostility to equal rights, has been very zealously vociferating that Congress, in a law equalizing soldiers' bounties, had discriminated in favor of the colored troops, giving the latter three hundred dollars additional bounty, and the white troops but one hundred.

Of course this is a mere falsehood. There is not even a pretext for it in the law, in which the word white or black is not mentioned. But the assertion illustrates the spirit of the "Conservative" campaign, which is merely an appeal to popular prejudice and ignorance. But the elections show that it is popular intelligence and principle which at present govern the country.

VENTILATION.

Look at an asthmatic sitting before an open window, regardless of the cold, though it be winter, with his chest heaving laboriously and his countenance expressive of exquisite anguish. What is the matter? Is he in pain? No. What, then, is the distress? It is simply from want of a due supply of fresh air. The spasm in his lungs not only prevents the free admission of air from without, but the free egress of that which is within, so that the air which is in the lungs is a mixture of foul and good air. When so many died in the famous Black Hole at Calcutta, it was because the pure air was so shut out that they could not even get as much as the asthmatic does.

Here we have palpable results, and they startle us; and yet we may be suffering from day to day, in so small a way as to be imperceptible, the evil results of a deficiency of air, which may so accumulate as to impair the health, and even perhaps ultimately destroy life. It is only a few that occasionally lose their lives suddenly from want of air, but a comparatively slight but continuous deficiency in its supply is constantly destroying vast multitudes by a slow poisoning.

A good supply of fresh air is an imperative necessity. Such a supply it is easy to get when we are out of doors; but we do not get it when we are indoors unless we make special provision for it—or, in other words, unless we take measures to secure free ventilation. A proper supply of pure air in our habitations and places of public meeting *costs something*, at least in cold weather. That is the chief difficulty. Economy is in the way. Less fuel is required with defective than with proper ventilation. A small room, closely shut up, is warmed at less expense than a large room with suitable inlets for fresh air and outlets for foul.

The necessity for freeness in ventilation may be seen if we look at the amount of fresh air required for consumption. Each person requires a gallon every minute, that is fourteen hundred and forty gallons in twenty-four hours. It is easy to see that small and closely-shut-up apartments, and large gatherings of people in public buildings, as they are ordinarily constructed, are incompatible with any such supply as this.

That you may see clearly what the necessity for ventilation is, observe what the lungs actually do with the air which they receive.

Pure air is composed of three gases, in certain proportions: oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid; this latter being in very small quantity. These proportions are altered in the lungs, so that the air which is breathed out is different from that which is breathed in. It has less of oxygen and more of carbonic acid. It is less vivifying by the loss of oxygen—that is, is thus negatively injured—and it has also acquired a positively bad character by the increase of the carbonic acid. Much increase of this renders the air palpably poisonous. If, therefore, there be great lack of ventilation, as there often is in small rooms in dwellings or in crowded public assemblies, much injury is done to the health by the diminution of vigor from the loss of oxygen and by the direct poisonous influence of the added carbonic acid. And if the exposure to these deleterious influences be frequent there will inevitably be an accumulation of evil results, seen in a broken-down system, in positive disease, and at length in death.

Observe what provision is made in nature for the constant purification of the air, and how this is often more or less defeated by the arrangements of man. As oxygen is taken up in the lungs of all animals, and carbonic acid gas is sent forth from them, breathing is continually deteriorating the air. But this is remedied by a counter operation. Every leaf that you see is doing just the opposite of what lungs do—it takes in carbonic acid and emits oxygen—so that there is an exchange going on between leaves and lungs. In this way the due proportion of the ingredients of the air is every where maintained, so that if the chemist examine air taken from various quarters of the earth he always finds precisely the same proportions. But this is true only of air that is free, and not of that which is shut up where there are sources of contamination. Wherever there is breathing going on, if ventilation be not properly attended to, there is a want of these natural proportions, and the deterioration is increased by fires and lights, for they, like lungs, use up oxygen and return carbonic acid to the air.

There is still another important provision for the purification of air. The three ingredients of the air are not of the same specific gravity. The carbonic acid gas is decidedly heavier than the oxygen and nitrogen, and therefore has a tendency to lie below them, as water lies below oil. Now if this tendency were not obviated in some way the carbonic acid, generated from lungs and fires and various decompositions, would accumulate all over the surface of the earth, pushing up the oxygen and nitrogen above it, as water does oil, and would destroy life and put out fires every where. But this tendency is obviated by another—the tendency of gases to mingle together. It is just as the heavier water does not remain below the lighter alcohol poured upon it, but mixes with it. Agitation promotes this mingling, and therefore in ventilation the communication of motion to the air is an important measure, and should be accomplished so far as it can be done without inconvenience.

There are other deleterious gases besides carbonic acid produced in various ways, indoors and without, that are carried off by this same mingling and diluting process, but of these we will not speak, the carbonic acid being the most important.

What now is the inference from all this? Plainly that we ought to make it quite as sure that our lungs shall have a suitable supply of good air as that our stomachs shall have a suitable supply of good food. Oxygen, indeed, is food as really as what is put into the stomach, for it enters into the composition of the blood, and through this of the structures of the body. And besides, the carbonic acid gas which is discharged from the lungs is so much refuse, and should not, therefore, be introduced again, but should be carried off by the means which you see are provided so beautifully and carefully by the Creator.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

LOSS OF THE "EVENING STAR."

Our dispatches from Savannah, Georgia, bring intelligence of a sad marine disaster, accompanied with fearful loss of life. The steamer *Evening Star*, of the New York Mail Steamship Company, which sailed from this port on Saturday, 29th ult., bound for New Orleans, with about 250 passengers and a crew of 50 men, foundered off Tybee (date not mentioned), and nearly all on board were lost.

RESIGNATION OF RICHARD H. DANA, JUN., UNITED STATES DISTRICT-ATTORNEY.

The following is a copy of Hon. Richard H. Dana, Jun.'s, letter resigning his office as United States District-Attorney:

"Office of U. S. District-Attorney,
Boston, *Sept.* 29, 1866.

"Sir,—Returning from an absence in Europe, kindly allowed me by the Government, I find a critical state of public affairs, in which I understand that the President expects of those who hold civil office sympathy with the opinions and sentiments he has of late expressed, and co-operation in the measures he has suggested on those important points as to which he is at variance with Congress.

"My sojourn abroad has given me, I think, opportunity to consider these subjects with something of freedom from local perturbations and contagious excitement, and I have endeavored to make use of it. I find myself unable to accord that sympathy and co-operation, and respectfully request you to place my resignation in the hands of the President.

"I am desirous, however unimportant my opinions may be, that this resignation, to which I am led by reasons satisfactory to myself, may not be construed as an approval of a practice of making the tenure of all civil offices, whatever their nature, conditioned upon conformity with the opinions of the President on all points, at his discretion.

"I shall, of course, continue to discharge the duties of my post until I learn that a successor has been qualified. Permit me to express, in conclusion, my acknowledgments of the consideration with which I have been treated by all Departments of the Government during my tenure of office; and I hope it is not out of place to add my grateful sense of the uniform friendly kindness I have received from yourself personally.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, Richard H. Dana, Jun.

"Hon Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State."

DAVIS'S TRIAL POSTPONED.

Jeff Davis's trial has again been postponed, as no term of the United States Circuit Court is to be held this month at Richmond. The June term was illegal, and this invalidates the adjournment to October. It is probable that Davis's counsel will test the efficacy of a writ of *habeas corpus*, and if they fail to make application, the Richmond bar proposes to take the matter in hand.

NEWS ITEMS.

Miss Maria S. Cummins, daughter of Judge Cummins, died October 1 at her residence in Dorchester. She had been ill for quite a period. Her literary career began in 1853, when "The Lamplighter" was published. Within eight weeks so great was its popularity over forty thousand copies were sold, and as it has passed through several editions in this country and England, its sale probably exceeded one hundred thousand copies. In 1857 she produced "Mabel Vaughan," and in 1860 "El Fureidis," from her pen, was published simultaneously in this country and England. Subsequently she wrote another work entitled "Haunted Hearts."

The following circular letter from Major-General Rawlins, President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, has been issued:

Washington, D. C., *Oct.* 3, 1866.

Circular Letter.—The officers of the Army of the Tennessee who expect to attend the "Society of the Army of the Tennessee," to be held at Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 14th of November next, will please notify Major-General Manning F. Force, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, at Cincinnati, to that effect, that the Committee may have some definite idea of the numbers that will probably be present.

John A. Rawlins, President of the Society.

Morgan L. Harris is appointed Collector for the Eighth Congressional District of New York, in place of Mr. G. P. Putnam.

Of the 163 towns in Connecticut, about 140 held their elections for town officers October 1. Both parties figure up large gains, but the Republicans have carried Meriden, Seymour, Windsor Locks, Southington, Middlefield, and Danbury, heretofore Democratic, with most of the larger towns and cities, and the total returns from New London, Hartford, and Fairfield Counties give a Republican gain over the Hawley vote of last spring. The Democrats have gained Granby, Glastenbury, Canton, Simsbury, Somers, and Middletown. The issue in many of the towns has been strictly a local one. Of 71 towns 43 have gone Republican, and 28 Democratic.

Rear-Admiral Francis H. Gregory, U.S.N., died October 4 at the Mansion House, Brooklyn, after a short illness, in the 77th year of his age.

Mr. Stewart proposes to devote one million of dollars to the building of small tenement houses for the use of the working-classes, to be let at a low rent, suited to the means of those in receipt of but small incomes, and to devote the accumulation of receipts for rent, etc., to the extension of the undertaking. For this purpose Mr. Stewart has applied to the municipal authorities for a grant of land, merely stipulating that the sole management of the matter, the appointment of trustees, and one or two minor points should be vested in his hands. Hitherto the required land has not been granted, but in case of a refusal, Mr. Stewart will not be daunted. He intends to carry out his noble purpose all the same, only of course the number of dwellings will be smaller at first, as part of the sum, which would otherwise be entirely devoted to the construction of the houses, will then have to be used for the purchase of land.

The celebrated horse-tamer, Professor J. S. Rarey, died very suddenly at No. 195 St. Clair Street on Thursday afternoon, October 4.

FOREIGN NEWS

The ocean telegraph brings intelligence that the insurrection in Candia is spreading rapidly, and that the Government of Turkey contemplates suspending diplomatic relations with Greece, on account of the sympathy extended by that country to the insurgent Cretans.

Prussia has formally taken possession of Hanover, and demands the loyal submission of the people.

The treaty of peace between Austria and Italy gives the frontiers of Venetia to Italy. Austria assumes the Venetian debt. Italy has proclaimed a complete amnesty for political offenses.

THE MULBERRY-TREE.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

When the long hot days are nearly gone,
And the fields lie misty in autumn dawn,
With spider-webs hung from blade to blade,
Heavy with dews the dark hours made—
Till the lazy sun rises late from his bed,
Large and solemn and round and red,
And changes them into diamonds rare,
Like Love—which makes commonest things all fair;
Then is the time—the golden prime—
Of the patient mulberry-tree.

O the mulberry-tree is of trees the queen!
Bare when the other trees are green;
But as June creeps onward, while none perceives,
Slowly she clothes herself with leaves;
Hides her fruit under them, hard to find,
And, being a tree of steadfast mind,
Makes no show of blossom or berry,
Lures not an idle bird to make merry
Under her boughs, her dark rough boughs,
The prudent mulberry-tree.

But by-and-by, when the flowers grow few,
And the summer fruits dwindle, poor to view,
Out she comes in her matron grace,
With the purple myriads of her race,
Full of plenty from root to crown,
Showering plenty her feet adown;
While far overhead, hang gorgeously,
Large luscious berries of sanguine dye;
For the best grows highest, always highest,
Upon the mulberry-tree.

And so she lives through her fruitful season—
Fairest tree that blows summer breeze on!
Till the breeze sharpens to fierce wind cold,
And the sun's warm beams wax pale and old;
Sudden hoar-frosts the white lawn cover,
And the day of her beauty and strength is over.
Her blighted berries strew all the grass,
Or wither greenly aloft. We pass
Like faithless friends, when her summer ends;
Not a glance for the mulberry-tree!

Yet there she stands in the autumn sun,
Her fruits all gathered, her duty done:
And lets the wind rave through her emptied boughs
Like a mother left lone in a childless house:
Till some still night, 'neath the frosty skies,
She drops her green clothing off and dies;
Answering the call that nature sends,
And ending her life as a good life ends:
Ripe without haste—dying, green to the last,
The grand old mulberry-tree.

THE SCHOOLMASTER M.D.

In the State of New York ('tis a long time ago)
A great operation occurred:
I am speaking the truth, and I'd have you to know
That I am quite willing to swear that it's so,
Or affirm, if you dare doubt my word.

'Twas at Greenwich the school-house I'm speaking of stood—
A battered old shanty, I vow;
Though 'tis twenty years since, it is standing there yet,
On an island not round; if you go there I'll bet
You will find it's the same even now.

And in it, most likely, a hard set of boys,
All ready for any high game;
All ripe for a frolic and fond of a noise;
And of girls, too, quite willing to share in such joys:
In youth you and I were the same.

But just at the time I am writing of now
The building was cheerless and lone;

FIRST HORSE-MEAT MARKET OPENED IN PARIS.—[See Page 669.]

The windows were broken; and only a cow
Seen grazing beneath the old willow-tree bough,
And a mangy dog gnawing a bone.

And the reason no Busby would take it in hand
Was because of the tales which were told:
How Jack's finger was cut, and Joe rolled in the sand
By the widow's son Dick, and the Hollingshead band
Were licked by Tom Raynor the bold.

Then duly next morn came the mothers to pray
That the teacher would cowhide them well;
Or if Dick and Tom Raynor were not sent away
They wouldn't send Johnny nor Joe nary day,
And take away Kitty and Bell.

Poor teacher! Each day he was bothered and pained
To settle the wars of the eve,
Till, tired and weary, he fairly complained
"No mortal could stand it:" and further proclaimed
"That he had determined to leave."

'Twas long ere another was willing to try
The place thus vacated and lorn,
Till a grave learned Doctor, who that way passed by
And heard of the trouble, without if or why,
Declared he would work a reform.

Being duly installed in the schoolmaster's seat,
The day passed without any rub;
But a friend sent next morning a note short and sweet,
To hint that a stick was no weapon discreet,
As his boy had been struck with a club.

'Twas read: and the boy was called forth pretty gruff,
And asked to exhibit his wound.
So, sniv'ling and wiping his nose on his cuff,
Georgy Williams his trowser pulled up with a snuff,
And held out a leg which was sound.

"Is it here?" said the teacher; "why, this is a burn."
"Oh no, Sir, 'tis here on the shin."
"'Tis a very grave case," said the Dominie stern;
"It might have been fatal." Though, reader, you learn
It scarcely discolored the skin.

"Why, Georgy, my son, did you walk to the school?
I declare it was rash so to do.
But as you are here you must sit on this stool,
And hold up your leg like a parallel rule
To the map which hangs over your view."

Then taking him gently with tenderest care,
In a loving and fatherly manner,
He called for a cushion, and then for a chair,
And seating poor Georgy he placed his leg there,
And bandaged it with his bandana.

On further inquiry the Dominie found
The name of the other young sinner
Who struck the foul blow: and in justice was bound
To call for his aid, when the play spell came round,
To bring Georgy Williams his dinner.

And to make him all day like a lackey to stand,
Or a priest doing penance for sins;
To hold Georgy's slate, and to place in his hand
Ev'ry book he required. While Georgy, right grand,
Sat in state, like a monarch on pins.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.—"THEN YOU DO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?"

With his leg for a sceptre, stretched out on a chair,
He sat through the ne'er-ending day:
While Harry, the villain, did wait on him there,
And with rueful compunction his sorrow did share,
For neither could go out to play.

And when studies were o'er, lest the lame little lad
Should be to his sister a drag on,
The Dominie said, "She must speak to her dad
To gear up his horse, as the walking was bad,
And send down for George the light wagon.

Next morning the patient all rosy appeared,
Declaring his trouble was o'er;
And when his preceptor's inquiry was heard,
"How's your leg, Georgy Williams?" he stoutly averred
"It was better than ever before."

And in the prescription such virtue was found
(If you use it I don't care a peg)
That no child ever threatened, while playing around,
To tell of a hurt got on Greenwich school ground,
But was met by the cry, "How's your leg?"

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"GRANNY, do you believe in ghosts?"

"What has put that into your head, child?"

"Because to-day is the third of May, and Esther Lovell says she would not for worlds go near the old Hall to-night, for strange sights are to be seen there after nightfall."

"Esther Lovell's a goose," replied the old woman somewhat testily. "The worst that could be seen would be a sweet lady weeping and wringing her hands; and what harm would that do any one, I should like to know?"

"Then you do believe in ghosts?" said the child, timidly, drawing nearer to her grandmother, and throwing her arm round her neck. "I ran so fast by the Hall, and never once looked round; and I'm so glad I'm going to sleep here, for I never should have dared to go home again if it were dusk."

"You're a silly child, Meg; it's only wicked people that need fear ghosts, if there are such things. Mind you, I'll not say whether there are or not, for it's not for such as me to judge. One hears strange stories sometimes. But all you've got to do, Meg, is to be a good girl, and then you'll have no cause to fear ghosts or goblins, or any thing else."

"But I'm not always good, granny," returned Meg, despondingly; "and I've been particularly naughty the last day or two; so it's a comfort I'm going to stay here all night. But I did so hope, granny, that you would not believe in ghosts."

"I've never said I did, child, and I've never said I didn't; it's just one of those things that I've no belief about either one way or another; and I take that to be the best way of settling a doubtful point."

Meg looked as though she did not quite understand the force of her grandmother's logic, or at any rate as though no consolation were to be derived therefrom; but the subject being too deep for her childish meditations her thoughts reverted to what had been the primary cause of her question.

"Why is the third of May a worse day for ghosts than any other day, granny?"

"It isn't that I know of," returned the old woman.

"Then why should Esther Lovell be more afraid of passing the Hall to-night than any other night in the year?"

"That's because of the old story. I should not

THE RUINS OF ST. PATRICK'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK, THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 670.]

mind telling it to you. Dear, dear, what a many years it is since! and it seems just to have come to me as fresh as when it all happened. Sit down to your tea, child, and after tea we'll settle down cozily, and have it all over. It'll be like calling up an old friend that's been dead and buried many a long year to have a chat with one."

Meg did not by any means consider this a "consummation devoutly to be wished;" the idea was not a pleasant one, and she would rather her grandmother had not mentioned it, for there were three chairs in the neat little kitchen, and who knew who or what the occupier of the third might be? Meg gave a little shudder.

"You're not cold, child, surely?" said her grandmother, pouring out another cup of tea.

"No, granny," answered Meg, her hand trembling as she stretched it out for the cup.

"Then you're frightened," said the old woman, looking at her. "I wish Esther Lovell and her nonsense were far away. I sha'n't be able to tell you my story, child. It's not well to fill young heads with fears."

"Nay, granny, you *must* tell it me now. I sha'n't sleep if you don't; besides, I shall think it is more horrible than it really is, and I shall go fancying all sorts of things."

"There's something in that," said the old woman, brightening up, for she had felt a little disappointed at the thought of not being able to indulge in old reminiscences, "and that would be a pity. So make haste and finish your tea, and then we'll clear away the tea-things and have a cozy evening together."

The tea-things were cleared away quickly enough, and Meg took a little stool and sat down close by her grandmother. She would not look at either of the chairs, for she could not divest herself of a queer nervous feeling with regard to them. So she gazed into the fire that blazed brightly in the grate, for it was a chill evening, though it was May.

"I've noticed," began the old woman, "that there's never been a third of May without some part of the day feeling chill. However warm it may have been beforehand, or may be the day after, there's never been a third of May for the last sixty years that I've not been all the better for a bit of fire.

"It's the anniversary of a day that sends a chill to all those who remember it, or were in any way connected with it, and it comes to me among the rest. I suppose I'm getting to be one of the last that it will come to, for I'm wearing on toward eighty, Meg, and what I am going to tell you happened when I was a girl sixteen or seventeen years old.

"One of the earliest things I can recollect is the old Hall being put into complete repair; for seventy or eighty years ago it was much in the same condition that it is now, and no one would take it, for there was an ill story hanging to it, and it was said that none who held it in possession ever came to any good.

"Well, as I said, it was put into repair. There were carpenters and bricklayers and masons at work, and in a short time you would scarce have known the house. The fine old gardens, too, with their terrace-walks and stone steps and fountains, were all set in order, and a grand place it looked altogether, though perhaps there was still a gloomy air about it; but that only made it the grander.

"The master of it was not the man to be daunted by any thing, and when he was told of the evil stories and the ghosts, as in duty bound, he curled his lip contemptuously, and made some mocking remark that no one at the time cared to repeat.

"He was a tall, dark man, nigh fifty, I should say, with a bronzed complexion, and a proud, stern look on his face, and his hair was black as a raven. He wore a pointed beard and a short mustache, but the rest of his face was close shaven.

"He came from foreign parts, and he brought a mint of money with him; there seemed to be no end of it, judging by the company he kept, and the horses and the hounds, and every thing belonging to him.

"My aunt was housekeeper at the Hall, and now and then I used to go up to see her; and sometimes, if it was very early in the morning, she would let me look through the stately rooms, when the housemaids were dusting and sweeping them. Very splendid they were; and at first I could see nothing distinctly, there seemed to be such a confusion of silk and satin, and gilded furniture and pictures, and vases, and statues, and mirrors, and flowers, and tapestry, and I can not tell you what; but by degrees I came to separate them, and to know each room and what it contained; for you see, Meg, it's as easy to get accustomed to fine things, when one sees them constantly, as to poor ones, and so it was with me.

"The room I liked best of all was my lady's boudoir, as they called it. It was at the end of one of the corridors, and had windows opening into a wide balcony that was always filled with the choicest plants. The walls were hung with blue silk, and the silken curtains were bordered with gold fringe. It was just such a room as one might expect to see in a fairy palace, and I was never tired of looking at the beautiful things heaped together there.

"One day I had obtained permission to go into this room with my lady's maid, and was so much absorbed in gazing at a picture that had just been hung up, that I did not perceive that she had gone away, imagining that I was following her; and so I was left alone.

"It was a picture of a child, a beautiful boy, with blue eyes, that had no look of the proud, stern master of the house in them—the Squire, as we country folks used to call him.

"I was still gazing at it, when I heard a voice say:

"'Who are you, my little girl?'

"I had never heard such a voice before: the words were not spoken as we English people would speak them, and the tone was so sweet that I scarcely thought a human being had spoken to me.

"I turned, and there stood a lady in a loose white dress, that seemed to float round her. She was very pale and fragile-looking, and her hair was like pale gold.

"For a moment I thought she might be an angel, and then it suddenly flashed upon me that it must be my lady herself. So I dropped a low courtesy, and said:

"'I am Mrs. Bridget's niece, my lady.'

"'So you are admiring my room,' said my lady; 'tell me what in it pleases you best?'

"My eyes involuntarily sought the picture, and I pointed to it.

"A flush of pain passed over my lady's countenance.

"'Yes,' she said; 'you are right, little girl—there is nothing to compare with it. My child! my sweet, sweet child!' and she put her hands over her eyes.

"At that moment who should come along the corridor but the Squire. My lady seemed all trembling-like, but she could not go any whiter than she was. The moment he caught sight of the picture he went into a passion, and began to swear at my lady.

"'How long has that been up here?' he asked.

"'Only since yesterday,' said my lady; 'Geronimo has just finished it for me.'

"At that moment a youth, who bore a wonderful likeness to my lady, advanced.

"'Is this the way you repay my favors?' demanded the Squire, fiercely. 'I thought that we were rid of that child when we laid him deep under the sod at Padua, and now he's risen again to be ever before me. As if I could help whether he lived or died.'

"The youth looked in amazement at the speaker, and then some new thought seemed to strike him, for he started back as if he had seen some dreadful sight, and then he gazed steadily at the Squire. And the Squire gazed at him in return, but I thought I saw a slight quiver on his under-lip.

"'What do you mean?' said he.

"The youth was hesitating whether to reply, when my lady, who had been intently watching the two, stepped forward and signed to the youth to go. Then I too crept away and went down to Mrs. Bridget; I had been too frightened to stir before.

"When I got back to Mrs. Bridget she first gave me a good scolding for being found in my lady's boudoir, and then made me give her an exact account of what had taken place; and then, my lady's maid coming in, she had to be told, and the two women put their heads together, and I could see they thought deeper of it than I could understand. For there were beginning to be strange stories afloat respecting the Squire.

"I must tell you that my lady was an Italian, and Geronimo, the youth I had seen, was her brother. He and my lady were living together in Italy in very slender circumstances, when the Squire was struck with her beauty as she sat playing with her child; for she had been married very young, and had been left a widow with one child, the beautiful boy whose likeness I had been looking at.

"The Squire fell in love with her at once, and at length she consented to marry him, on condition that Geronimo might not be parted from her until he grew to man's estate, and could make his way alone in the world.

"So the Squire gave his promise, and they were married, and all went well for a time; but soon he became jealous of the love of the mother for her child, and could scarcely bear it in his sight. You see he was very fond of his wife, and wished to be first with her; but he was not.

"Well, after a while the boy suddenly sickened; he lingered for many weeks, and then he died.

"But my lady was no nearer the Squire for all that. Indeed, a shadow seemed to spring up out of the child's death; and at last the Squire thought if he could get away from Italy and come back to England, and live a country life, keeping open house, that the gay company would drive sad thoughts from my lady's heart. But ah! what company ever did that, child? There she was, dressed in her brocades that stood of themselves, and her pearls and her diamonds, looking more like a beautiful spirit than any thing earthly. And the Squire was proud enough of her, as well he might be, and yet he was stern and harsh, and was half mad if she ever spoke of her dead child.

"And so things went on until the day that I was in my lady's boudoir.

"After then my lady began to droop more than ever. She had not the heart to don any of her fine dresses or to appear among the guests. She seldom left her own room, and she clung more closely to Geronimo than she had ever done before. Yet, strange to say, she was ever urging him to return to Italy; for she said she knew that she was dying, and what would he do in a strange land without her? But he would not listen.

"One day—it was early in May, and the weather had been unusually warm—Geronimo went down to the river to bathe.

"He did not return; and some one passing by and seeing his clothes lying on the bank and him nowhere about, raised an alarm, and after a long search his body was found. When the poor corpse was brought to the Hall my lady, who had been in a state of frantic grief, came to meet it.

"Every one was surprised to see how calm she went all of a sudden. She drew back the sheet they had flung over him and kissed his cold lips; then she bade them get ready the state-bedroom, and there he was laid out, and my lady sat by the bedside and watched until the day of the funeral, but she never spoke.

"When the day came she took a last look at him before the coffin-lid was fastened down; then she told her maid she was going to have a long sleep, and she went to her own room, where she took to her bed and gradually faded and faded.

"The days went by slowly enough now, for it was very still and quiet in the old Hall. The Squire sat moodily in the great dining-room, and scarce a soul dared to say any thing to him. Now and then he went to look at his wife, but she never so much as opened her eyes when he came into the room—whether it was that she was too far gone to speak, or whether from some other cause, none knew. But she spoke to no one now, and the doctor said the end was not far off.

"It was just one o'clock on the morning of the third of May—it wanted a few minutes to high-water, and then the tide would turn, and we all know that at tide-turning many a soul that has been waiting is called away.

"Well, as I said, it was just one o'clock, and all the household were abed excepting the Squire, who was still sitting over his sack-posset, and the old nurse who watched at my lady's bedside.

"Suddenly a low cry was heard, and it pierced through the house and woke many of the sleepers; but only one or two had courage to rise up and see what it was, and among these was my Aunt Bridget.

"As she opened the door that led on to the grand gallery she saw a white figure gliding down the great staircase, with its eyes staring in wild horror, wringing its hands, and moaning piteously. If it had not been that she was lying on her death-bed my aunt would have said that it was my lady herself; but she had heard of the spirits of departing people visiting those they desired to see at the last moment, and so great was her fear at the sight that she fainted away, as did the maid who had accompanied her; but a little foot-page, who had more courage and more curiosity, followed the figure and saw it enter the dining-room. The Squire, he said, started up; and the figure, slowly raising its hand and pointing one finger at him, said, 'Murderer!' And the Squire fell back in his chair and hid his face in his hands. The little foot-page saw no more, for, overcome with fright, he fled to his room and buried himself beneath the bed-clothes.

"When my aunt came to herself, being a woman of some nerve, despite the sudden terror that came over her, she determined to go to my lady's room, and there she found my lady, as she expected, stretched on the bed quite dead. The nurse was asleep, so of course did not know how long she had been dead; but my aunt knew that she must have died just as the tide turned, and that would be just at the time the white figure glided down the staircase."

"Do you think it was my lady's ghost, granny?" said Meg.

"How should I know? I only tell the tale as it was told to me, and it's not for the like of me to settle about such things. I don't either believe or disbelieve in ghosts, and that's the best way of doing. I've never seen a ghost, and I hope never to see one; but still I'll not say but what others have."

"I'm sure I hope I sha'n't," said Meg; "I should die with fright."

"My aunt didn't," replied the old woman, "and I see no cause that you should. Not that I think you'll ever see one."

"And what became of the Squire?" asked Meg.

"After my lady's death he never felt comfortable at the Hall, so all the fine things were sold, and the house was shut up, and he went abroad, and I heard he wandered from place to place until he died. It seemed as if he could find no rest."

"Do you think, granny," said Meg, lowering her voice, "that he had any thing to do with the child's death or with Geronimo's?"

"Many thought so," returned the old woman; "still nothing could be made of it. But one thing has always been clear to my mind: my lady thought so, and that was the cause of the piteous moaning of the figure that my aunt saw glide down the old staircase."

GREEN'S SISTER.

As Mr. Romer was preparing to leave his office Green rushed in with a linen duster and other marks of travel about him.

"My dear fellow," said Green, "here is the most unfortunate affair in the world. My sister, who applied for a situation in some school, and has been dancing attendance for three or four weeks at Mrs. Custers's, in Nineteenth Street, decided to go back to Peekskill to-day. An hour ago I was ordered to catch the next train for Washington—time for nothing more than to seize my duster and bag and run; you know how it is with our firm. Just as I came down the steps on the run our messenger hands me this," flourishing an official-looking envelope: "opened it in the street and read it walking, and, by George! if it is not Addy's situation! I must catch the train. Somebody must head off Addy, who no doubt is packing her traps, or her situation will be snapped up. I thought of you, and, says I, Romer is my man; and now, my dear fellow, will you—if you could stop on your way up and leave this note for Addy—number 2067 Nineteenth Street, you know—will do as much for you some time."

And Green shot out again, leaving the envelope on Mr. Romer's table.

It was half past five. The day in question was the first anniversary of Mr. Romer's wedding-day, and he was under heavy bonds to Mrs. Romer to dine with her and her brother Jack punctually at six. From the first all things worked together for his confounding. A second visitor detained him till it only lacked a quarter of six. Then he hesitated between cars and stage-route, and decided for the former, because they do not stick fast in Broadway jams till the driver swears them out again; also the tram-way brought him nearer to 2067 Nineteenth Street, where he promised himself that he would stop only to ring the bell and hand in Green's official envelope. Half-way up town the car stopped with a bump and a jolt. Mr. Romer looked out and saw a car directly in front of them, another beyond that, and was told that, still further in advance, a car had run off the track. Mr. Romer sprang from the car and started up town on a quick trot, remembering as he ran that Mrs. Romer, as a phrenologist once assured her, "lacked self-esteem and over-valued the attractions of the rest of her sex," or, as I should brutally put it, was jealous; consequently that it would be undesirable to make Mrs. Romer wait for Green's sister. He rang the bell of number 2067 sharply, and thrust the envelope into the hand of the frouzy maid, saying, "Miss Addy Green."

"She ain't here," said the frouzy maid. "She's just gone to the dépôt."

What dépôt? and, good Heavens! what would Mrs. Romer say? The frouzy maid called shrilly to unknown people in the basement, and getting no answer, mounted the stairs sluggishly to find Mrs. Custers. All this occupied time, precious time! also Mrs. Custers did something to her cap before appearing, and was a slow, precise person, not to be hurried in informing Mr. Romer "that Miss Green had just left the house, and he would have time to see her at the Hudson River dépôt before the train started."

Romer confounded Green, and started once more in search of his sister. He could not in conscience throw the poor little girl's chance over; but wouldn't there be a row with Mrs. Romer! Fortunately the Twenty-third Street line makes good time, and a stage drew in sight as he reached Broadway. Romer hailed it; the driver shook his head and drove obstinately on; he hailed again; the driver passed him with calm contempt. The stage was crowded, and men were hanging on the step. Mr. Romer walked down Broadway. Same experience with the next upward-bound stage. In the third he secured a corner. On the next block they stopped to take in a lady and child—a slow process because of the shortness of the child's legs; three doors further and they stopped to let a lady out. On the corner five or six people lay in wait for them. That stage was never full; that driver shook his head at nobody. When Mr. Romer reached the dépôt the train stood ready on the track, cars coupled, and engine snorting in the usual ill-conditioned way. Mr. Romer had seen Miss Green and remembered that she was fair; also, that she wore a little curl just over a small pink ear, and that she had fine blue eyes; also, that she dressed chiefly in black. In the third car Mr. Romer found a young lady in black and with a curl over her ear; but on being addressed, "Sir," she answered, frigidly; and it was not Miss Green. He dashed forward. Two ladies blocked the passage, looking about for seats. Trying to edge past them he became conscious of a peculiar oscillation under his feet. The train was in motion. "Good Heavens!" cried Mr. Romer, dodging frantically about the two obstructive females, "do let me pass, Madam."

"Very sorry, Sir," returned the younger lady; "but see my bundles!"

She carried a box two feet square, a traveling-bag, a paper parcel as large as a baby, a basket, and a shawl. Mr. Romer ran back to the other door. Should he jump? Jack Driggs jumped, fell between a car and a platform, and died in three hours. Mr. Romer hesitated. *Should* he jump? Then or never. The speed of the train increased every instant. He saw the conductor.

"Where is the first stopping-place?"

"Peekskill. We run express to Peekskill."

Mr Romer decided to jump, but now there was no longer a choice. The iron horse, warmed up to his work, dashed into the open country at speed, and the long line of cars skimming after him groaned and swayed dizzily from side to side. Mr. Romer sank despairingly into a seat. Express to Peekskill, and Mrs. Romer waiting for him at Delmonico's. It might almost as well have been express to Sacramento.

"Why, Mr. Romer!" said a voice beside him. "I thought it was you as you passed, though I have only seen you twice before."

The lady by whom Mr. Romer had seated himself was Green's sister.

Mr. Romer has since been accused of flirting with Miss Green. But what is flirting, and how ought the model husband to look when a pretty girl is smiling up in his face, and bestowing on him artless little confidences? All this glee and chatter was in reality because of the official envelope. She had been going home discouraged, poor child! and she was innocently grateful to Mr. Romer, who, out of pure good-nature, had lost his anniversary dinner, and was being carried off to Peekskill. Mrs. Romer is the object of her husband's affections; but, unless she is a pair of blinders also, how could he be unconscious of the fact that Green's sister was a pretty girl—a charming girl—one of those women that are delightful even to the details of their toilet, because of a certain exquisite freshness? I take sides with Mr. Romer, and I declare that the man who could sit cold and smileless by Green's sister should take his perch at once by St. Simeon Stylites or by Miss Riggs.

I shoot Miss Riggs into the story without previous description, because I have read lately that, according to the rules of art, I must not describe what my hero did not see. Mr. Romer did not see Miss Riggs. She sat, wrapped in a veil, in the corner of a seat in line with him; but Mr. Romer was busy in looking at the bright side of his journey, which was—Green's sister. Green's sister dressed in black, and black became her. In these days it would be presumptuous to decide whether art or nature was responsible for her hair, but it rippled and waved under her hat in a lovely way; and there was no doubt about the ungloved hand resting on the sill of the car window; it was as pretty as the little foot, of which Mr. Romer caught a glimpse from time to time. In fact, a gradual resignation possessed that gentleman. It was certainly a thousand pities, and he quaked to think of Mrs. Romer nursing her wrath at Delmonico's; but he had devised a little plan in which, to be perfectly frank, no mention would be made of Green's sister to Mrs. Romer, and, though he foresaw a squall, concluded that he should be able to weather it.

Miss Green was less at her ease. After overhauling a very thin porte-monnaie with great privacy, she grew silent and thoughtful, and finally—

"It is very disagreeable," she said, blushing distressfully, "but I suppose I must ask you, as David forgot to send me more money, and I must take the return train; and if you could—I mean if you would—"

Mr. Romer did not suffer her to finish her sen-

tence. No man likes to see a young creature, with fine blue eyes and a lovely complexion, blushing and embarrassed before him on a money question; but in assuring her of the pleasure he should find in serving her, involuntarily Mr. Romer laid his hand on the pocket in which he carried his purse, and a tingle of dismay went up from his finger-ends to his brain. That pocket had ordinarily a fat feel. It was now flat. He explored it again.

"Have you lost any thing?" asked Miss Green.

"Oh no, nothing; that is, it is of no consequence," muttered Romer, making frantic dives into other pockets, and as his hand came hopelessly down in the bottom of each pocket, rapidly culminating to a nervous agony. He excused himself to Green's sister, and retiring to another car commenced the search anew, raking every pocket and discovered the slit in his coat, made by some confounded pick-pocket, but no wallet. Here was richness! Here was a predicament! Green's sister had no money. He had no money. Did he know any man in Peekskill? No, he knew no man in Peekskill. Green's sister would be hungry. He was hungry. How should he procure a dinner, and tickets for their return? He thought of his watch, and looking down saw the guard dangling loosely from his button-hole. The pickpocket had relieved him of that also. As a last hope he went through the train, hoping to find some man who knew him, but strange faces stared at him from every seat. He had confounded Green. He now confounded his sister. I admit that he was a brute, but look at the position! What could a man do in Peekskill with Green's sister on his hands and no money. He went back to his seat, perfectly limp. Something would be done of course on reaching Peekskill, but what that something should be he did not even try to think.

"Mr. Romer," said Miss Green, who meanwhile had been consulting with herself, "while you were absent I have been arranging a programme."

"Oh!" observed Mr. Romer, and, to himself, "I wonder how much it will cost?"

"As we are to return so soon, it will hardly be worth while to carry my trunks about to hotels, in an expensive way," pursued Miss Green, smiling; "and so, if you please, Mr. Romer, we will leave them in charge of the baggage-master, or some such person; and then I have been examining my time-table, and if we return to-night, it must be in half an hour after reaching Peekskill. We shall get into New York late in the evening, and I confess I am tired and hungry already; and if you please, again, Mr. Romer, I should very much prefer to go direct to my cousin's house. My cousin is Mrs. Drake, and her place is so near that we can walk there from the dépôt, and she will be charmed if you will stay at her house, Mr. Romer, when she hears how kind and thoughtful you have been for me."

"And then," said Miss Green to herself, "I can borrow money of cousin Fanny, and not be further obliged to Mr. Romer."

"And then," said Romer to himself, and cutting a mental pirouette, "if there is a Mrs. Drake there will be a Mr. Drake, and he will understand that I am not a swindler, and I can borrow ten dollars of him!" and to think that three minutes before he had privately sworn at this blessed little girl, and wished her at—Ispahan. He could have fallen down on his knees before her if the arrangement of the car seats and the manners and customs of the American people would have permitted, and he came out from his anxious look like the sun from behind a cloud. He would telegraph to his wife, and he saw his way clear now to that little plan in which no mention should be made of Miss Green; but before leaving him let us look for an instant at the Riggs view of the case. Miss Riggs saw Mr. Romer searching for some person in the cars. He was recognized by a pretty girl, evidently on the look-out. Mr. Romer's manner was devoted, and Mr. Romer was completely absorbed in his companion so that he did not see her, Miss Riggs. They left the train at Peekskill; neither had baggage that Miss Riggs could see, but walked away in an easy, at-home manner. Miss Riggs considered it her duty, as a neighbor and a member of the same church with Mr. Romer, to follow them. They went, not to a hotel, but to a private house, where they were welcomed in a way that showed they were often there, and Miss Riggs came away, bowed down by the dreadful inferences that she drew from these suspicious facts.

Meanwhile Mrs. Romer waited at Delmonico's, with brother Jack, expecting her husband calmly, till six o'clock, the appointed hour. After that her little watch was often in requisition, and she watched the door till her neck ached and her eyes were tired. Jack proposed to order dinner, but Mrs. Romer indignantly refused. Twenty-five minutes of seven—twenty minutes. "I am sure something has happened," sighed Mrs. Romer. "Nonsense!" said Jack, and ordered dinner. Seven o'clock! Mrs. Romer could not eat a mouthful, but sat with her eyes on the door. Quarter past seven. "I know something has happened!" cried Mrs. Romer, her eyes brimming.

"Romer's head clerk boards in the next street. If you say so I will go there," said Jack, vaguely, uneasy himself, to tell the truth. Mrs. Romer waited, her eyes on her watch. Jack returned presently, looking quite sober.

"George tells me that he left the office before six o'clock."

Mrs. Romer grew ghastly.

"Come, don't faint! Let us go home. He may be there, you know; taken ill, or something," said Jack, hurrying her out. At the door they met Dillon, whose office adjoined that of the missing man.

"Seen any thing of Romer?" asked Jack, in passing.

"Romer! No! Yes, I have too. I met him a while ago in Nineteenth Street, somewhere, about six o'clock, I think."

"Do you know where in Nineteenth Street?" put in Mrs. Romer, reviving suddenly, and growing very red.

"At Mrs. Custers's. I know the house; for I visit there," answered Dillon, eying her curiously. Number 2067. He was coming down the steps. I did not speak to him: he seemed in such a hurry." The brother and sister looked at each other.

"Do you know any body in Nineteenth Street?" asked Mrs. Romer of Jack. "I shall go there myself," looking fierce.

"Better go home first," insinuated Jack. "He may be there, as I said."

"Mrs. Romer and Jack went home. No; Mr. Romer had not come."

"I knew it!" cried Mrs. Romer. "He thought I was safely out of the way. He is there in Nineteenth Street."

"Dillon saw him coming away," urged Jack.

"Then some one will be there who will know where he has gone," said Mrs. Romer, dropping Jack's arm, and walking on alone. She believed in her heart that Jack was trying to screen him; that Mr. Dillon had fibbed; that all the men were in a conspiracy together. Mr. Romer was at number 2067 that moment, and she would have carried its door by assault if the frouzy maid had withstood her. She would have done, I do not know what dreadful thing she would have done to Mrs. Custers, if that lady, in virtue of the masonic sympathy existing between women, had not intuitively comprehended the case.

"A gentleman was here, Madam," said Mrs. Custers. "A gentleman about twenty-eight, I should say. Light mustache—rather a handsome man. He asked for Miss Green."

Here Mrs. Romer faced about on Jack, who quailed before her, as if he had asked for Miss Green.

"She had just started for Peekskill, and he seemed disappointed," pursued Mrs. Custers. "It is my belief that he started on after her. He had time, as I told him, to catch the train."

Mrs. Romer clutched her brother's arm.

"Come, let us go, Jack! On the anniversary of his wedding-day! Think of it! Come, I say!"

"Where?" asked Jack, looking obstinate. "There is no use in going to Peekskill, unless we can find a further clew. You are overexcited. Do you know this Miss Green? Don't jump at conclusions."

"I have seen her," returned Mrs. Romer. "One of your round-hat and waterfall girls. Do you know where this Miss Green was going in Peekskill, Mrs. Custers?"

"I don't, ma'am," said the Custers; "and, from what I hear now, I should say the less any one knew of her the better."

"You see," urged Jack, "we had better go home;" and home they went again. Mrs. Romer threw herself on a lounge. Jack lighted a cigar, and wished he knew what to say to her. Close on bedtime the house was startled by a furious ring. Two telegrams for Mrs. Romer. Mrs. Romer tried to read, but her hand shook, and her sight failed her. "He is dead!" she said, chokingly. "Read it, Jack." "Stuff!" quoth Jack, and read out:

"Mr. Romer is at Peekskill with a young lady. Should you like to know where, will meet you at dépôt, and show you the house. Excuse if mistaken; but it looks suspicious. Eliza Riggs."

Mrs. Romer sprang to her feet.

"There! didn't I tell you, Jack! there! there! You see now, don't you? you see, don't you? you see, Jack—" beginning to sob.

"What is this?" said Jack, taking up the other telegram.

"Dear Julia,—Have been called away suddenly on important business. Home soon. Will explain.
"Henry Romer."

"Important business indeed! the hypocrite! the wretch! That is the way you men treat women. I think he will explain! Home soon! He may see me in Peekskill. When is the first train, Jack?" Mrs. Romer had done with tears now, and walked about excitedly. Jack took both her hands, and looked down at her with genuine sympathy.

"Poor little sis! The first train leaves at six, or thereabout; and you had better go to bed now and get what sleep you can. You will need it."

But Mrs. Romer scorned the idea of sleep. She was too busy thinking what she should say to Mr. Romer, and how she should behave. She thought over the various lines of conduct all that night and all the way to Peekskill, sitting quiet and silent to Jack's relief. At the dépôt they found Miss Riggs, to whom Jack had telegraphed at Mrs. Romer's orders, though sorely against his inclination. "My poor friend," cried Miss Riggs, pathetically, "I will take you there at once," meaning Mrs. Drake's house; and on the way she favored Mrs. Romer with her view of the story that we know. Jack they dropped. There was an evident lurking unbelief in that young gentleman, spite of facts, disgusting to both the ladies. As Fate would have it Mrs. Drake came in person to the door.

"Is Miss Green here," asked Mrs. Romer, "or," with an effort, "Mr. Romer?"

Mrs. Drake looked astonished.

"Miss Green and Mr. Romer went down in the first train this morning."

"Down? You mean to New York?"

"Yes."

"And they spent last night here? Mr. Romer spent the night here? You dare to tell me that?" reading in Mrs. Drake's eyes assent.

"Come, come," said Jack, hastily interfering with his usual formula. "We had better go home. Good Heavens, Julia! would you quarrel in the street?" and he fairly dragged Mrs. Romer away, leaving Mrs. Drake stupefied with astonishment. So Jack, Mrs. Romer, and Miss Riggs came back to New York. Mr. Romer and Miss Green were already in New York, and had driven to Mrs. Custers's house. The lady herself came to the door.

"Take them trunks back," was her first salutation. "They don't come in here. We have none but ladies here."

Miss Green came up to explain.

"They are mine, Mrs. Custers. Don't you know me? I—"

"They don't come in here. I know all I care to know of you," returned Mrs. Custers, grimly.

Mr. Romer interposed.

"Here is some mistake, Madam."

"No mistake at all," said the lady, sharply; "and you can take yourselves off. I have heard enough about you both since you left."

The trunks were replaced, and they drove to the boarding-place of Mr. Green. He had not returned, and there was not a room vacant, not to mention the fact that it was a gentleman's boarding-house. Then Mr. Romer took a heroic resolve. He would take her home till she could find a boarding-place; and for Mrs. Romer, she must hear reason. Why the deuce were women so hard on each other? and because Mrs. Romer was perpetually jealous should he leave this poor, friendless, pretty, plucky little girl, who would not cry, though her lip trembled, in the streets, with two monstrous, unmanageable trunks, a stranger to New York and its ways? Was not he, Romer, master in his own house? I think if he had met Mrs. Romer then he might have conquered her; but instead, on entering he found an unexpected silence and emptiness, and was struck dumb by the first words of the servant.

"Mrs. Romer, Sir? She has gone off, Sir, with Mr. Jack. I think she said, Sir, she was going to Peekskill."

Gone to Peekskill! Mr. Romer stood thinking. Miss Green explained to him that having found a resting-place for her trunks, she would go and search for a boarding-place; that she knew many of the streets, and had a map of New York, etc. Mr. Romer scarcely heard her. What on earth took Julia and Jack to Peekskill? He sat and smoked and pondered on the question, though it was long past business hours. As he smoked a carriage drove furiously to the door, from which descended Jack, his wife, and Miss Riggs. Mr. Romer's wonder increased. What was Miss Riggs doing there? He hastened to meet them.

"Come in, Miss Riggs," said his wife, brushing past her husband without looking at him. Mr. Romer turned to Miss Riggs. She recoiled on Jack, who shook his head and looked doubtful.

"What the devil is this?" said Romer, with rising wrath. At the same moment, "What is this?" demanded Mrs. Romer, coming in view of Miss Green's trunks, that had been left at her request in the hall.

"Those," said Mr. Romer, coloring and going forward, "why, those are—Miss Green's trunks."

I do not attempt to describe the scene that followed. You will get the nearest parallel by throwing a hand-grenade into a powder-magazine. Mrs. Romer went to bed in hysterics. Miss Riggs went home in like condition. Mr. Romer took Jack into the library, told him the whole story, and begged him to take the poor little fire-brand, Green's sister, who might be expected back at any moment, in charge. Jack came out splendidly: met Miss Green at the door, gave her lunch, excused the host and hostess, escorted her to her boarding-place—fibbed the whole thing straight through, in fact, so that the poor child never suspected what mischief she had made. When Green returned from Washington Mr. Romer called on Mr. Green. Mr. Green in his turn called on Jack, and both gentlemen waited on Mrs. Romer. Letters were sent to Peekskill, explanations made and received, and then the party went in force to explain to Mrs. Custers. Mrs. Romer confesses that she was too rash, and she has cut Miss Riggs; but she still insists that Miss Green is a forward, designing girl, and lectures Jack, who is sweet on her; and she still preserves Mr. Romer's mendacious telegram, and flourishes it at times in a way to seriously annoy that worthy gentleman.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Master Bobby. "I say, Gus, why do women always suck the knobs of their parasols?"

Gus. "I suppose they want to cut their wisdom teeth!"

A Colored Statement.—Facts should always be stated in black and white. Any thing written in red ink of course appears ink-red-ible.

What is the only pain that we make light of?—A window pane.

"Isaac, my son, let the good book be a lamp unto thy path." "Mother," replied the thoughtful Isaac, "I should think that was making light of sacred things."

A. Paradox.—When a bootmaker commences to make a boot the first thing he uses is the last.

CHAINS! CHAINS!

Chloe. "Bress us all!—If dem White Folks ain't done gone crazy 'bout Chains jest as *our* Folks has cast 'em off!"

DAUGHTERS TO SELL.

SONG BY A LADY OF FASHION.

Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!
They cost more money than I can tell;
Their education has been first-rate;
What wealthy young nobleman wants a mate?
They sing like nightingales; play as well;
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Here's my fine daughters, my daughters, oh!
German, Italian, and French they know,
Dance like Sylphides for grace and ease:
Choose out your partner, whichever you please.
Here's a nice wife for a rich young swell;
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Beautiful daughters, dark and fair!
Each a treasure to suit a millionaire.
Hoy! you that in lordly mansions dwell,
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Buy my dear daughters! Who wants a bride,
That can give her a carriage and horses to ride,
Stand an opera box for his fancy's queen,
And no end of acres of crinoline.

Ever new furniture, jewels, and plate,
All sorts of servants upon her to wait!
Visits to Paris, Vienna, and Rome,
In short, all she's been brought up to at home.
Here are girls for your money—if out you can shell,
My daughters to sell! My daughters to sell!

A Definition.—An Irish gentleman of our acquaintance says that the difference between a constitutional monarch and a despôt is that the latter need only issue a u-kase for his orders, while the former must supply a "be-kase" for his.

The Great Tie-coon.—Calcraft.

A few weeks after a late marriage the husband had some peculiar thoughts when putting on his last clean shirt, as he saw no appearance of a washing. He thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning and kindled a fire. When hanging on the kettle he made a noise on purpose to arouse his easy wife. She immediately peeped over the blankets, and then exclaimed:

"My dear, what are you doing?"

He deliberately responded: "I've put on my last clean shirt, and I'm going to wash one for myself."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Easy, "you had better wash one for me too!"

A lady fixed the following letters in the bottom of a flour-barrel and asked her husband to read them if he could: O-I-C-U-R-M-T.

"My wife's so very bad," cried Will,
"I fear she ne'er will hold it—
She keeps her bed!"—"Mine's worse," quoth Phil,
"The jade has just now sold it."

Descent on the Female side.—The Emperor of Austria, to judge from recent events, must belong to the House of Mis-Hapsburg.

"And you have been married, Patrick, three times?" "Yes, indade, Sir." "And what do you say of it—which wife did you like best?" "Well, Becky O'Brine, that I married the first time, was a good woman—too good for me—so she got sick and died, and the Lord took her. Then I got married to Bridget Flannegan. She was a bad woman, and she got sick and died too, and the devil took her. Then, fool that I was, I got married to Margaret Hagerty. She was worse, bad, very bad—so bad that neither the Lord nor the devil would have her, so I have to keep her myself."

WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.—2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image of a servant-girl to bow down to her and serve her; for I am a jealous wife, visiting, etc.—3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.—4. Remember thy wife to keep her respectably.—5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.—6. Thou shalt not fret.—7. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner.—8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.—9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor.—10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern; thou shalt not covet the tavern-keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his wine, nor any thing that is behind the bar of the rumseller.—11. Thou shalt not visit the billiard-hall.—And the 12th commandment is, Thou shalt not stay out later than nine o'clock at night.

Domestic Intelligence.—Breakfast is ready.

TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

"What *is* the 'Poet's License,' say?"
Asked rose-lipped Anna of a poet;
"Now give me an example, pray,
That when I see it I may know it."
Quick as a flash he plants a kiss
Where perfect kisses always fall.
"Nay, Sir! what liberty is this?"
"The Poet's *License*—that is all!"

Considerate.—We once knew a city man who never got up till twelve at noon, because, he said, it was only fair, as day broke in the morning, to give it a chance of redeeming its position before beginning business with it.

"I want to buy a sewing-machine," said an old lady, entering a shop. "Do you wish a machine with a feller?" inquired the clerk. "Sakes, no! don't want any of your fellers about me."

Why are your lips often at variance?—Because words are frequently passing between them.

Why is a pair of skates like an apple?—They have occasioned the fall of man.

A dealer in musical instruments, in one of his advertisements, declares that his drums, among other articles which he has for sale, "*can't be beat.*" Will he be kind enough to tell us what they *are* good for, then?

Never chew your words. Open the mouth and let the voice come out. A student once asked: "Can virchue, fortchitude, gratchitude, or quiechude dwell with that man who is a stranger to rectitchude?"

Of six hundred and twelve young ladies who fainted last year, more than one half of them fell in the arms of gentlemen. Only three had the misfortune to fall on the floor.

A SENSATION STORY.

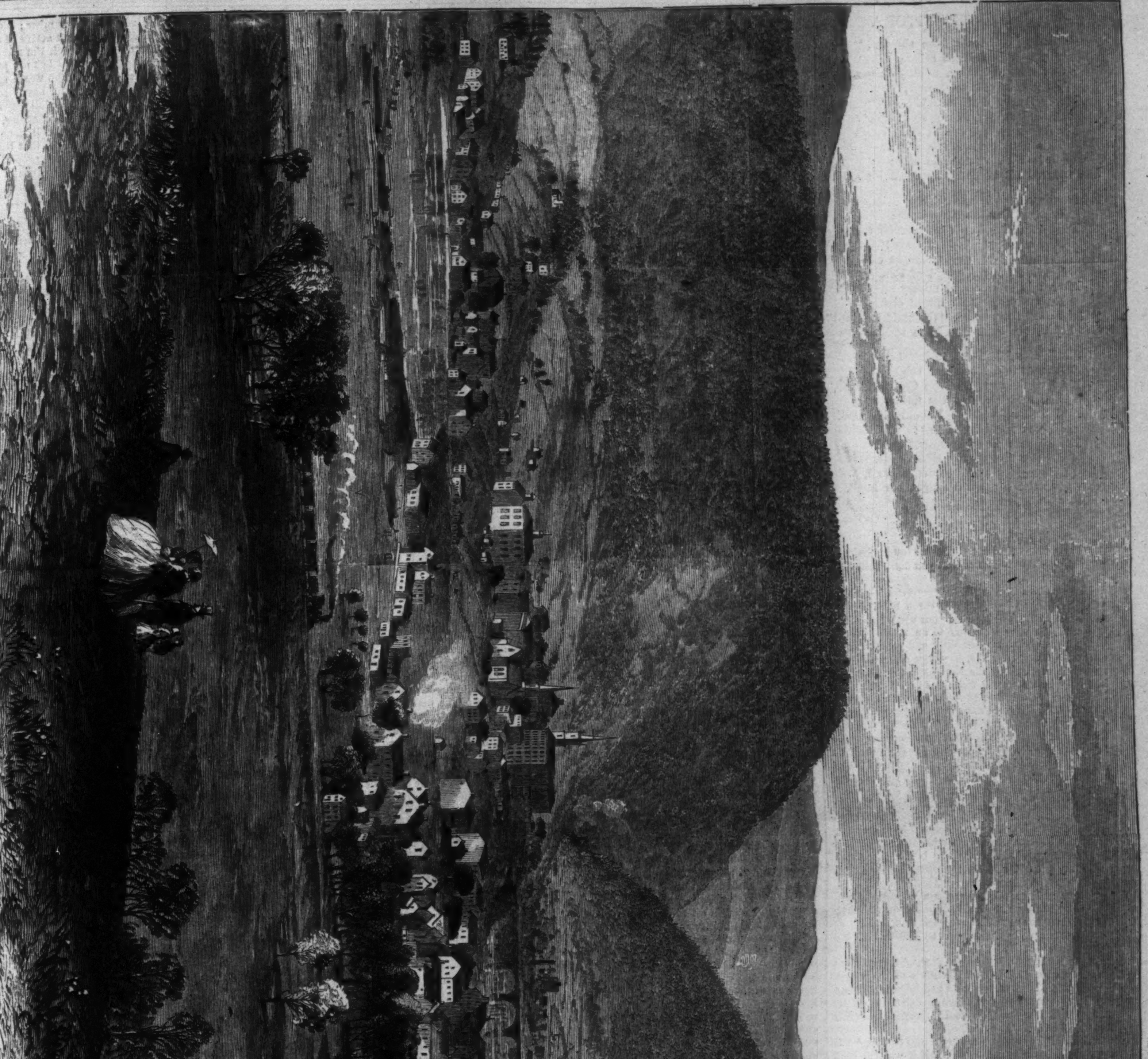
BY A VEGETARIAN.

He had done the deed! But little did he guess that the eye of an intelligent potato in the next field was upon him. The potato poured the dreadful story into the ear of the corn, which let out the secret in its (s)talk, and though I am bound to add that the corn was cut after thus betraying confidence, the story got wind, and the cucumber was in a most distressed frame of mind in consequence. The culprit was overtaken by justice and several scarlet-runners, and taken before a justice of the peas. The case was investigated to the very roots, and the potato was, of course, principal witness for the prosecution.

Wouldst know, O reader, the wretched man's guilt? He had shed the blood of a turnip, little expecting it would ever turn up in evidence against him. He was executed, of course, the mode of execution decapitation, in order to sever the carrot-ed artery.

No man can avoid his own company, so he had best make it as good as possible.

FERRY-BOAT TO BRASHEAR CITY, ON BERWICK BAY, LOUISIANA.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 670.]



CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

THE THREE SUITORS.

"I'LL woo her in a golden shower!"
The rich Purpureus cried;
When suitors bring a mighty dower
They may not be denied;
My castle, by a silver lake,
Shall lure her to my side;
My all-prevailing wealth shall break
This haughty beauty's pride.
He came!—his love to Ella told;
She spurn'd his name and scorn'd his gold.

Honorus, politic and wise,
Essayed her heart to move;
Deep-read, his lore each passion tries,
And masters all—save Love!
He spake of Glory—her bright eye
Flashed the full meed of Fame;
Each tale of woe and misery
An answering tear might claim.
"Hah! ah!" thought he, "the maid is mine!"
She heard, but bade him hope resign.

Sir Edmund listened to her fame,
And donn'd his armor bright;
He laugh'd to scorn Don Cupid's name,
And dared him to the fight.
Ah! bootless vaunt! Behold him now!
Low at her feet he lies;
His Milan coat of burnish'd steel
Pierced through by Ella's eyes.
She pitying—loosed her captive's band,
And gave the conquer'd knight her hand.

GHOSTS' GARMENTS.

"I CALCULATE from a slight but smart glance at your physical peculiarities that you don't believe in ghosts, youngster."

Now, besides being called "youngster"—a thing very irritating when you can catch hold of your mustache without disfiguring your upper lip—there is something very irritating to an Englishman in being addressed thus summarily and personally by an entire stranger. We, the only occupants of a first-class carriage on the North-Western Railway, had only just emerged from the first bridge after leaving Euston Square Station. I, with a dignity which would convince most people of my majority, drew myself up to my full height (and I sit high, though not at all on account of the shortness of my legs), and replied that I was glad that so short an acquaintance had been sufficient to assure him of my freedom from any such ridiculous superstition.

"Ha!" said the stranger, with a strong nasal twang, "so that's how the land lies, is it? Wa'al! Then I reckon that the sooner you begin to believe the better, and if you've got such a thing as a cigar about you I'll commence your eddication at once."

"Thank you," said I; "here is a cigar, but I prefer my present state of ignorance and incredulity."

"Very well rounded that for a youngster," retorted my tormentor. "Dr. Johnson didn't make his dixonary for nothin', I see; but still, as long as you don't believe in ghosts, your eddication ain't the thing quite, neither."

By this time he had selected the biggest cigar from my case, had lighted it with a match which he struck on his trowsers, and had begun to smoke it, rolling it from one side of his mouth to the other, and regarding me with a cool impertinence which stifled me with indignation.

"Wa'al!" he continued, after a puff or two, "it's a rank Britisher, is this cigar; but it was the best you'd got, so I won't grumble. Now stick another in your own mouth and then I'll begin your eddication."

I had intended to smoke, and I was not to be stopped by any false notion of dignity; so I did as he requested, and resigned myself to my fate. No sooner had I done so than he exclaimed, "Now that's what I call comfort!" smacked his legs and his fingers, and evinced such a high state of uncouth hilarity that I began to be afraid I was locked up with a lunatic.

"Ha!" he cried, snapping his fingers, "I'll make your hair stand on end, I will, spite of all your pomatum and bandoline; and your legs won't hurt by a little stretching neither. Air you ready?"

Hoping at least to draw off his attention from my personal appearance by inducing him to begin a story at once, I nodded, and he commenced:

"Wa'al, I'm only a-thinkin' which of 'em it shall be. I've got one story as kills outright; but I want to cross to-night, and being found with a corpse might be inconvenient, so I'll let you off that. I've another as mostly brings on fits; but this carriage is narrow for fits. And I've another as completely takes away the breath, 'cept the story's told slow, which I ain't clever at. And I've another—well, you're a good-natured fellow, you air, and so I'll tell it you; it's only dangerous in heart disease."

"My heart is perfectly sound," I said, in as steady a voice as I could assume.

"Wa'al, then! Here goes. About two months ago I was traveling by express from Dublin to Cork, meanin' to cross to my native land in a sudden bust of affection toward an old uncle o' mine who I heerd was about to leave this world for a better; and I was a-moralizing on the shortness of life, and consoling myself with reflexions on the admirable arrangements of Providence, which don't allow rich uncles to take their ile springs with 'em, when I had the most extraordinary adventure with a faymale ghost that I remember in all my experience.

"I was all alone in the compartment with my luggage, which consisted of a male portmanteau, a faymale trunk, and a bandbox, as I had promised my old woman to bring her some finery from Paris. The bandbox was none of your pasteboard flimsies, but a true Parisian, made of shingle; so I wrapped it up in my traveling rug. I put it under my head, and I went fast asleep. I'm a sound sleeper. Many a time have I gone to sleep when poggy-fishing, and slept all night in spite of the bull-frogs a-leaping and a-croaking all over me, but I never had such a restless nap in *my* life as in that compartment. First of all I had a tickling in my nose, as if a drunken centipede was a-trying to open his door with a tooth-pick. In the ensuing irritation I lifted my head, when—whish! went my traveling-rug. Still I didn't rouse up definite, but snored on. Presently the irritation increased, and I lifted my head again, when away went bandbox and all. I said to myself, 'Now they'll be satisfied, I hope' (for I knew it was ghosts fast enough, being used to 'em); and sure enough, whatever it was left me alone a while; I only heerd a noise in my sleep like a mouse in the faymale trunk. Presently, however, I come aware of pinchin' going on in various portions of myself. I am averse to pinchin', natural, and I twitched and twitched, determined to sleep it out. But the pinchin' increasin' from the desultory to the vicious, I knew it wasn't any good, so I opened my eyes and sat up, and, bless my soul, if there wasn't a faymale figger of exceeding beauty dressed complete in my wife's garments! Parisian bonnet with yaller ribbons, bright-green velvet jacket trimmed with red gimp, blue slippers, and pink silk stockings, *complete*! And if I didn't stare, why this cigar's tobacco, that's all!"

He paused a moment, and looked at me with a most evil expression of enjoyment; I let his impertinence pass without the smallest remark, and he continued:

"Wa'al, I wasn't skeered a fig, but looked at her fixed, took out a pipe (I smokes pipes usual), and asked her if she objected to my lightin' up. 'Not a bit,' she answered, quite pleasant, and she smiled, opening her lips, through which I saw the back of the carriage."

"The back of the carriage?"

"Yes. Ghosts is hollow, and got no teeth, no bones, no hair, nothin' but flesh and skin, and only the very outside o' that: a sort of nothing without inpards. If she hadn't had my wife's bonnet on, her head, with the compartment light over it, would a looked like the globe of a paraffine lamp afore it's lit; but when the mouth's shut you can't see through; it's only semi-transparent, like ground glass, and if it hadn't been one of those new-fangled hats, like a captain's biscuit with strings, I could only a seen the cushions at the back through a chance chink in the straw. As it was I saw three buttons and puffs *complete*."

"Nonsense," I said. I was delighted when a question suggested itself which I thought would prove a poser to the man. "But," said I, "if ghosts are made of such slight material, how can you account for your friend's supporting the weight of the bonnet with 'yaller' ribbons, the velvet jacket with the gimp trimmings, and the rest of it?"

"Very clever for you, youngster. That was what had precisely puzzled me about ghosts for a long time, as it has puzzled most incred'lous writers on the subject, old and new. Ghosts of clothes, they says, air ridiculous, and so *I* thought; though, being natural of a religious temperament, I didn't say so; and if the clothes ain't ghostly they can't be real, 'cause the immaterial couldn't support a paper bonnet, let alone crinoline. Such was the state of my feelin's on the subject when this lady figger started 'em from their dormant apathy. 'Here's a chance of settling the question,' says I to myself, 'as may never occur again. Here's a faymale ghost, as I knows a ghost, 'cause I've seen the buttons of the carriage through her bump o' philoprogenitiveness, and she's wearin' clothes, as I know—all real and material clothes, because I've paid to the tune of five hundred dollars for 'em; and this here immaterial ghost is wearin' these material clothes as well as if she was made of Bessemer steel. Here's an opportunity,' said I, 'of asking a question—'"

"Now then, my friend," said I, "I am impatient to hear the answer." For there was a want of alacrity in his tone, and a falling off in his spirit, and he had taken his cigar from his mouth and was studying the ceiling: all of which, I thought, betokened that either his invention or his memory was failing him.

"Wa'al," he replied, "there is one lesson I never have forgot, 'cause I had to write it seventy-seven times in one mornin', at the age of six: it was Patience is a *Virteu*, and the sooner you lay it to heart the better for your wife, if you ever have one; which, looking consumptive, you won't, perhaps, so it don't matter much."

I again took no notice of his gross want of delicacy.

"Wa'al, you're beginning to learn, I see," he went on, "so I'll humor you. 'Feminine sperit,' said I, 'would you oblige me and the live world in general by informin' me how it is you appear in clothes?' 'It's like your impudence to ask the question,' she replied, turnin' green—which is ghost for blushin'; 'you wouldn't dare put the question to a live lady. But all of you on that side the dust seem to think a sperit hasn't got any feelin's whatever. I've heerd questions asked, when I've been forced to lay up a while in a table, as made me ashamed of ever havin' lived.' 'I'm sure I beg your pardon,' said I, feelin' very small lager indeed, 'but I meant no harm. P'raps I should a said, how do you manage to bear the weight of 'em?' 'Why, do you think we haven't any strength?' she said; 'then how do you imagine we turn tables?' 'Trew,' I answered, feeling I had met my match for the first time in my life; 'but that didn't occur to me.' 'Shake hands, if you doubt me,' said she, holding out as pretty a little gloved hand as it ever was my fortune to see. Now it's rather a ticklish crisis in a man's existence when a ghost asks him to shake hands, but I wasn't going to be afraid of a human soap-bubble, especially being faymale. So I shook hands with her, and got such a grip as I never had, except from Heenan. 'Now,' she said, a-holding out the pretty hand again, 'give a poke at that with your finger.' I giv' a poke, and the glove tumbled all of a heap on the floor, as if I'd knocked it off a peg; and there were five as pretty little bare white semi-transparent fingers as were ever manufactured out of opal glass. Wa'al, I was skeered a little at that, though I might a known how it would be if I'd a reckoned; and I said, handing her the glove, which she put on all at once without unbuttonin', 'Excuse my asking an impertinent question, but where on airth do you inflated nothings get your strength from?' 'Will,' she answered, with another smile, 'will and sperit.' 'Oh, indeed,' said I. 'And what might you mean by sperit?' 'Sperit,' she replied, 'is a kinder gas, which blows us out to shape, like *balloons*.' 'Oh, indeed,' says I; 'you're blown out like *balloons*, air you?' 'Yes,' she says, 'we air; and if you don't break our *film*, which you can't when we don't wish, we are as strong as you felt just now.' 'Oh, indeed,' said I, not understanding quite puspicuous; 'and when I knocked that glove off just now did I break the *film*?' 'I *rayther* guess you did,' she said; 'it's only just healed up.' 'Then, Madam,' said I, thinkin' I'd caught her tripping, for these ghosts most of 'em lie like everlastin', 'if you're blown out like a *balloon*, how is it you didn't collapse right away? It wasn't *will*, was it?' 'No,' she answered, quite ready; 'I'd given that up; it's the nature of the sperit not to.' 'How so?' said I, thinking it rather a faymale reason. 'Why,' she said, 'sperit and air is like ile and water, and won't mix, you can stir 'em as hard as you like, but they won't mix.' 'Oh, indeed,' said I again, puzzlin' my head for another question. For mind you, youngster, whenever you meet with a ghost, ask 'em questions, and never leave off. They're compelled to answer them out of politeness, and I will say ghosts are pretty mannered as a rule. But once let 'em out of harness and they always run to their own stones, like a horse to his stable, and there's no stopping 'em; and of all bores, I guess a ghost's life tops 'em, they're all so long and dreffal melancholy. But she was politeness itself, was this young sperit. Seeing me a-puzzling what to say next, she asked me with unusual delicacy whether I had any more questions to ask her, and just at that moment one rushed into my head with such impetuosity as knocked my pipe clean out of my mouth. 'Wa'al, as you ask me,' I said, 'I have just one or two or so. You were speakin' of lying up in a table. What did you mean by that? Were you sick?' 'No,' she said, 'that isn't the reason; we sperits are never sick. *It was because I hadn't any clothes on.* I was lying spread out most uncomfortable in the wood-work of this kerridge till you was asleep and I could dress myself.' 'Why didn't you get into one of the cushions?' said I. 'There wasn't room,' she answered; 'these cushions on this line are all loose, and I couldn't get into two without solution of continuity, which is dreadfully painful for a ghost, and very dangerous. Why, I remember a friend of mine who did that, and the passengers took one of the cushions to play cards on, and then another, each giving up his seat in turn; and what with changing partners, and putting down the cushions the wrong way, and one thing and another, one half of him didn't know where the other half had got to, and, as they both began searching one for the other at the same time, they were near a week before they got together, and then he kicked himself three times in the eye before he found the join.' 'Wa'al,' said I, ready with another question this time, 'are all ghosts equally ill-provided with clothing?' 'All,' she replied, 'except those that are buried in clothes, and *they* don't last long. Ghosts used to go about in their winding-sheets, but it won't do now. A young ghost soon learns that. I had mine torn to rags the first night, and had to get into my own tombstone—the greatest indignity a ghost has to suffer. And even them that have dresses haven't the right sort. A friend of mine was buried in her bridal dress; but she got so chaffed about it, that she left it off after a week.' 'I suppose you can find clothes generally, can't you?' said I. 'Yes, if a ghost is not overparticular and not *lazy*,' she answered. 'You see, we only want them at night, not being visible by day, even to one another; but it's very awkward sometimes when we are obliged to put on the clothes you livin' bein's have just taken off, for if you want them in the night we have to evacuate in a hurry, and creep into any refuge we can find, and that's the explanation of many of those stories of crockery falling down—not but what some ghosts like a bit of mischief sometimes, but they are the worst sort. Now, I remember—' 'Excuse me,' said I, interrupting her, 'but what do you mean by *lazy* ghosts?' 'Them that don't care about going about decent,' said she, 'they are the sort that mostly fills your furniture. *They* don't care, as long as they are safe in the leg of a table, and they have no sense of decency whatever; they crowd together any how, and never put on clothes from one year's end to another. They have greatly increased of late, having got a new pleasure in duping the living; but they are down upon by all respectable ghosts, and they go by name of *casuals*.' 'You are a respectable ghost, I presume?' said I. 'Of course I'm respectable,' she replied. 'I allus go about at night well dressed, if I can; but allus dressed. Not but what I am put to straits occasional. The other night I was staying, on business, at an old castle on the Rhine, and there was no faymale wardrobe there whatever; but I found a chest up stairs full of queer old dresses, and I had to fix myself up in them as best I could. I met the old baron as I was a goin' down stairs, and nearly frightened him into fits. I saw he sent an account of it to a paper, in which he swears he had a visit from his great-grandmother. How I laughed to be sure, for my bisness had nothin' to do with the old gentleman at all.' '*Bisness*?' I says, catching a clew. 'Do you have bisness?' I saw I had made a mistake at once, as she began shakin' her head from one side to the other like a pendulum turned the wrong way up. 'Ah,' she said, 'I have; but our bisness is punishment. We have to go about all over the world, tracin' the history right away threw, of all our sins. Some of our sins die out at once, but some little things we never think twice of at the time of committin' go rolling on like snow-balls forever. I've only got two left now. One of them is a lie I made a child of mine tell to get me out of a scrape with his father, which has already led to two murders, a suicide, and frauds without number; I don't know when that will die, but it's not active at the present moment. The other, on which I'm traveling now, is in consequence of the way I left my property. I left it to a distant relation, who was a spendthrift, and every penny he spent ill I have had to watch the effects of; but it's pretty well worn out, as a great deal of it has passed into charities, which relieves me. Indeed, the last evil done with the money was by the housekeeper of that baron on the Rhine. The son of the man the property was left to is now dying of gout, the pro-duce of port-wine bought with part of his father's fortune. I must be in at his death, and then I think there'll be only seven and sixpence-halfpenny left.' 'Where are you off to now?' I asked her. 'To Americay,' she answered. 'But what brings you here in this carriage? I thought you sperits had a quicker way of transit.' 'By day we fly through the air, being invisible, but not by night; and the man whose death I am to be in at will die before morning. By night we are obliged to travel dressed, and so can only go by mortal conveyances.' 'But how ever will you get to Americay in that time?' 'Ah, I forgot to mention it, but we can go by telegraph. I should have gone the whole way by telegraph, but the line between Dublin and Valentia is broke. *Now*, however, I guess I can go through. Just be good enough to turn your face aside one moment.'

"I did so, and I heard a rustle of drapery. After waiting a minute, I looked—and darned if my wife's togs weren't lying all in a heap on the floor, and not a ghost of a ghost to be seen. I will say that for her, that, except the gloves were a bit stretched, the clothes weren't damaged a cent. Now, youngster, this is my Station, and if you don't believe in ghosts by this time, it's my opinion you never will."

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

SAM might well talk about the weeds! Oh, how they grew! The flowers might break beneath the harsh wind, or dry up in the sun's fierce rays, but nothing hurt the weeds. In sunshine, in cloud—cold or hot, wet or dry—no matter what the weather was, it suited the weeds. Which, to be sure, proved, as Jack said, that they were of an extremely amiable disposition, and made the best of every thing; but Lily said if that were so, she thought it was much better to be cross, for what good did *such* amiability do any one?

The weeds gave Lily a great deal of trouble. First of all, to find them out; for when pinks lived in a nest of sorrel who could tell which was which? at least of such young gardeners. Then chickweed looked "so like a flower" when it first came up; and thistles had such beautiful white and green leaves; and other mischievous things dressed themselves with such very innocent appearances that before she knew it poor Lily's weedless garden showed sorrel and chickweed and mallows enough to supply the county. So Jack said.

Lily fought the invaders bravely; hoeing up some, and grubbing up others, and uprooting the very obstinate ones with her little weeding-fork. At first she tried only the hoe; and before long every weed had it head cut off, and the ground was raked smooth again. Lily was delighted.

"I don't think the weeds matter much, after all," she said; "I've got rid of them already. Oh, aren't my poor pinks glad!"

"Glad to have a breathing spell," said her brother Sam; "but how long do you think it will take your weeds to grow up again?"

"Don't call 'em *my* weeds," said Lily—"how long? why they won't come at all: I've cut their heads off."

"And what do you think sorrel cares for that? It's a hydra—with a hundred heads."

"Well, I believe that's true," said Lily; "I never saw such stuff. The roots just run on and on, all over the ground, and there's a head every where. But I've cut 'em all off."

"Look here," said Sam, digging up a trowelful of earth—"here are any number of *underground* heads—little tufts of young white leaves, ready to start up with the first shower. You did not hoe deep enough."

"I guess I did, though," said Lily. "Why, I had my shoes just covered the whole time."

"Had your shoes covered! How did that come about, pray?"

"Why—so," said Lily, taking her hoe and walking backward, hoeing the earth toward her at every step.

"But that is not the way to hoe," said Sam: "you must walk forward instead of back, else you hoe the earth and cut the weeds right over the uncut, and cover them all up."

"Yes, that's just what I did," said Lily, "and it was very troublesome. I couldn't tell where I had been."

"Well, do the other way next time," said Sam; "this ground will want hoeing again in a few days; and then use your eyes as well as your hoe. There is a young mullein comfortably established at the root of your rose-bush."

"The mischievous thing!" said Lily. "Well, it sha'n't be comfortable very long." And with a fierce grasp she seized hold of the mullein and pulled off a handful of leaves. "Dear, dear!" said Lily; "what shall I do now?"

"Wait till the leaves grow again, and then take your trowel and weeding-fork."

"Why shouldn't I take 'em at once?" said Lily. "Why should I wait?"

"Because now you have nothing to take hold of, and it would be harder work. Come, let's go up and see what Clover is about."

"Oh, Clover is always weeding!" said Lily, as

she followed Sam up the hill. "Her garden must be a great deal worse than mine."

On the contrary, there was not a weed in it.

"Always weeding!" Sam repeated, with a smile, as he stood by the neat little patch of ground where Clover was tenderly watering her seedlings; "always weeding—that is the great secret of never having any weeds."

"Well, I don't think she has many flowers either," said Lily. "Just see how many empty places—here—and here—and here. Two somethings in one place, and three somethings else in another place. There's hardly a whole patch of any thing."

"How is that, Clover?" said Sam, watching his sedate little sister, whose cheeks crimsoned in a moment. "I thought you had taken such pains with your flowers?"

"Yes, I have tried to take a great deal of pains with them," said Clover, looking very uncomfortable.

"Ah! you see pains won't do every thing," said Lily, triumphantly. "Now I just planted my flowers slap-dash, and my garden's quite full."

Sam whistled a little, thinking of the sorrel and mallows, of which also Lily's garden had been full.

"It looks to me," he said, gravely, bending down to examine the little garden—"it looks to me as if the hedge had been encroaching here and there."

"The hedge!" said Lily. "I don't see any hedge."

"I thought I saw signs of it," said Sam, passing on to another place and scanning that. Clover looked at him anxiously. Did he really know what had become of her flowers? But Sam's face was imperturbable.

"What *do* you mean?" said Lily. "You're as good as a puzzle-book any day."

"What do I mean?" said Sam. "I was only alluding to one of the properties of matter—where one thing is another can not be. So, of course, where the hedge creeps in the flowers must creep out."

"Well, I give it up," said Lily. "Why, Clover, I thought you had ever so many of these—what do you call 'em?—and here's only three!"

"My balsams?" said Clover. "Oh, I'm glad you spoke of them! I wanted to ask Sam something, and I forgot all about it. Look here!" and Clover pushed aside the overhanging leaves of her three balsams, and showed a strange state of things. The ground was disturbed and turned up, lying in small hills and valleys; and right up from the highest hill stuck out a small brown paw, all furry and motionless.

"A cat!" cried Lily, darting forward.

"No, it's not a cat's paw," said Clover, "and I'm sure I don't know *what* it is; nor how it could get here among my balsams."

"It is a rabbit's paw," said Sam, looking close at it; "and what's more, the rabbit is here too."

"Oh, has he hid away there to eat up my poor flowers?" said Clover, remembering that squirrels had a taste for abronias, and there was no telling what rabbits might like.

"Not he," said Sam, "he will never do any more mischief. That rabbit did not hide himself there."

"But who could have done it?" said Clover. "Not Jack?"

"It must have been Mat," said her brother. "I saw him with a young rabbit in his mouth yesterday; but he does not like raw meat, you know, and so did not eat it."

"What's the use of hiding it away, then?" said Lily.

"Ah, that I can not tell. A dog generally seems to act upon the supposition that a famine *may* come some day; and in that case Mat probably thought he could eat raw meat."

"Funny old Mat!" said Clover, laughing. "But I wish he had buried his rabbit somewhere else! I don't want to touch it."

"Then I wouldn't touch it," said Sam. "The balsams will not be troubled, in fact they will rather like it!"

"Like it!"

"Why yes," said Sam; "they have not the least objection to raw meat, and have great appetites."

"There's another puzzle!" said Lily, despairingly.

"Not a bit; I mean what I say. Your balsams are great feeders, and will send their little roots to get many a rich meal from the rabbit."

"I don't like that at all," said Clover, with a little disgust.

"It's what many plants will do, however," said Sam; "though some are too delicate to relish quite such a hearty meal."

"Plants ought not to eat at all," said Lily, "little do-nothing things."

"Do nothing!" exclaimed Sam; "is it nothing to fill the world with beauty and fragrance; nothing to purify all the air for us to breathe; to furnish our clothing, to provide our fuel, our lights, our food?"

"Dear me, how you run on!" said Lily. "I don't know any thing about that, Sam. What I say is, that they don't *work*—my flowers, I mean."

"Well, when you are half as busy as they are I shall have great hopes of your turning out a useful woman," said her brother.

"Great hopes!" said Lily, scornfully. "I should think you'd better begin 'em right away then."

"But, Sam," said Clover, "oh, won't you please tell us all about that? It sounds so interesting."

"Can't this afternoon," said Sam. "I promised Primrose that I would help her train her sweet-peas. Where is the child all this time?"

"Oh, she's singing to her garden; didn't you hear her?" said Lily.

"Singing to her garden!"

"Yes, and it's so funny. She does it every day, but she'll never let any body get near her."

"It *is* funny," said Clover; "only it's so pretty, too. I think she tells mamma about every one of her flowers, and then I *think* mamma makes up little verses for her. And then Prim goes out and watches her flowers and sings the verses. But she'll never tell what they are."

"I'm bound to hear some of those verses," said Sam, beginning to move softly along by the fence. "I shall creep up and listen."

"May we come too?" said Clover.

"If you'll not make the least noise."

So very softly and slowly, moving on tip-toe, and not venturing to speak a word, they crept up the hill and round the house, coming at last to a corner very near Prim's little garden; and a pretty sight it was. The flowers were beginning to bloom quite freely—a white rose on the little rose-bush, and a scarlet blossom on the young geranium; with white tufts of alyssum, and green ones of mignonnette. A splendid datura blossom held up its purple-tinted cup, and the rich fragrance of the sweet-peas filled the air; while high above all mounted the ipomœa superba, stretching across on wires even to the railing that crowned the bow-window, and bearing two or three flowers of the most exquisite blue. In front of all these beauties, her little hands clasped tight together, her little face grave with intense enjoyment, stood Primrose—now looking at one treasure, now at another. But most of all her eyes watched the ipomœa, mounting ever upward toward the sky, its own blossoms almost rivaling the summer blue. Then all at once she began to sing, but never turning her eyes from the beautiful vine; singing softly to herself, so that the silent listeners could but just catch the words:

"Climb, climb a little way,
Follow Jesus every day.
Holding fast his precious hand,
Mount at last where angels stand.
Little creeper, weak and small,
He is strong enough for all.
In his tender love and care
Fresh, pure blossoms daily bear.
All your beauty is from him;
Let him train and let him trim:
Hide the sun, or bid it shine—
Still climb higher, little vine!"

And Prim stooped down for a sprig of mignonnette and one of sweet alyssum, and carried them off into the house for "mamma."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FEW events—unless it be the annual May-day moving—occasion more commotion in city homes than the "getting settled" after returning from a summer in the country. Every lady who takes a *personal* interest in the welfare of her household—and what *true* lady does not?—meets with experiences at this era of her life which, although by good chance *may* be agreeable, are far more likely to be vexatious. She *may* come back to the city and find her house in nice order, those left in charge having proved faithful to their trust. But in many cases it is very different.

Perchance the house has been closed during the summer, that is, it was *supposed* to be closed; but, alas! the cellar grating has been filed through (it must have been the labor of *nights*), a clear opening made, and burglars have thoroughly ransacked every nook and corner, and carried off every available article, not leaving even carpets. Apparently they have worked at their leisure, with none to molest or make them afraid. And the bereaved lady looks dismally at her sacked apartments, and feels inclined to fold her hands in despair. But perhaps servants were left in charge; and the general appearance of things, at first sight, is neat and comfortable. But on inspection the best rooms bear a strange aspect of hard usage—the carpets, surely, never were so dingy nor the furniture so marred; and the owner can not understand it until rumors come from neighbors that all through the summer the parlors were often lighted, and the "sounds of revelry" issuing therefrom broke upon the midnight air. But the chagrined lady's investigations meet with a stout denial that any but a few "cousins" have "once or twice of an evening" dropped in.

But it may be that a "careful family," with only "one or two children," were left to guard the house and furniture against the inroads of burglars, moths, and dust. There must be somewhere a broader definition of "*careful*" than Webster gives; for the good lady looks with dismay at the blackened walls, marred furniture, at the heaps of dust and rubbish half hidden in corners and drawers, gathers up her skirts in disgust from the armies of cockroaches that revel in the basement, ascertains that door keys are missing, chairs and windows broken, and kitchen utensils, generally, battered and spoiled, and she scarcely refrains from an indignant outburst. But what's the use? The "careful" family have been "careful" to leave before her return to town. So at length, with the energy of hope, she gathers her willing maids about her, arms them with brooms, scrubbing brushes, and cloths, soap, sand, and Lyon's Powder, and commencing at the top of the house she institutes a thorough cleaning, to which, for once, not even her husband objects. And when, one after another, the rooms emerge from the process, fresh and clean, and the old familiar home-life is re-established, how comfortable it seems!

It is a matter of deep interest to all, and one in which, as citizens of New York, we may feel a commendable pride, that our city affords such excellent facilities for free education. Not only do the public schools present unusual advantages for thorough education, but a few years since a system of evening schools was inaugurated for the benefit of those unable to attend the day schools. These schools have been very successful, as the fact that last winter not less than 25,000 pupils attended, either as regular scholars, or as constantly as other duties permitted. Recently the Board of Education have opened an Evening High School in the Grammar School Building in Thirteenth Street. The design of this institution is to afford young men facilities for obtaining a higher education than can be obtained in the ordinary evening schools. Experienced instructors have been appointed, and no effort or expense will be spared to make this experiment thoroughly successful, and to give to every student the means of pursuing that branch of education which he deems most needful for himself.

The question whether turtles suffer pain in the modes of confinement often employed by dealers, which agitated certain circles in our city not many months ago, has been referred to Professor Agassiz. Here is the gist of his answer:

"To say that turtles do not suffer when dragged from their natural haunts, tied that they may not be able to move, turned upside down, etc., is simply absurd. It is true that they can live for a long time without food or drink; but they do feel pain, and are indeed very sensitive to some injuries. That of turning them upside down among others is sufficient, for instance, to prevent their eggs from hatching. Their suffering may be inferred by the violent and convulsive movements to which the perforation of their fins gives rise. And yet to this proceeding dealers in turtles generally resort in order to tie them more closely and pack a larger number in a smaller space. Of course, when tied in this manner, they may suffer less by being turned upon their backs, because the fins are thus relieved from the pressure of their whole weight; but the best evidence I can afford that they suffer in that position is that they *die* if it is much protracted; and yet turtles are among the animals which resist longest privations of all kinds. Is not the fact that they may die merely from the attitude in which they are forcibly kept the most complete evidence of their suffering? For what else would cause death if not pain and the unnatural pressure of parts brought into unaccustomed positions?"

The latest case of good luck is related of a young Englishman, in New York. It seems that some months ago he left his native country, and, not caring where he went, took the first ship that came across his path, which happened to be one bound for this country. Arrived in New York, he soon squandered all the money which he had brought with him in riotous living, and being too aristocratic for manual labor he was soon entirely destitute. In this sad plight, with his clothes nearly falling from his back, he gained his bread by begging from door to door, making the steps of the City Hall and the barges floating on the river his nightly places of repose. At last, having been reduced to a wretched state of weakness, he succeeded in gaining employment as porter in a grocery store. A few days ago, however, he received information from England of the death of a titled relative, who had left him heir to property to nearly the value of £10,000; and the letter bringing the welcome intelligence also contained a draft to pay his passage home. He is now on the way.

A new style of robbery was practiced upon an unfortunate Bostonian who was a passenger on the steamboat train for New York the other evening. He had his hat stolen at a way-station by some fellow who thrust his hand in at the window just as the train was starting, grabbed the hat from the Bostonian's head, and disappeared in the darkness.

The following mixture is said to be a sure cure for a terrible disorder of the mouth commonly called "scandal:"

Take of "good-nature" one ounce: of an herb called by the Indians "mind your business," one ounce; mix these with a little "charity for others," and two or three sprigs of "keep your tongue between your teeth." Application: The symptoms are a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably takes place when you are in company with a species of animals called gossips; when you feel a fit of it coming on take a spoonful of the mixture; hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut till you get home, and you will find a complete cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottleful about you, and on the slightest symptoms repeat the dose.

When the cholera was ravaging New York in 1832 Hon. Edward Everett visited the city. In a description he gave of the appearance of this city on the 21st of July of that terrible summer, he said:

"Business seemed almost wholly at a stand; more than half the population had gone into the country; many houses and shops were shut up; ready-made coffins were exposed at every corner. It happened to be the day of the greatest mortality—two hundred and twelve persons had died that day. The cold gripe of death was upon the heart of the great city; terror aggravated the ravages of disease; and all the energy, the resource, the vitality of the mighty metropolis quailed for a time before the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday. It was a sight never to be forgotten."

The sanitary measures and scientific resources of our Board of Health have, by the blessing of God, saved our city this year from the virulence of the disease and the dangers of panic; while some of the Southern and Western cities have suffered severely.

At the recent annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions held at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the resignation of the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Rufus Anderson, D.D., who has been a leader in the work for forty-four years, was received with deep regret by the Board and numerous friends who loved and honored him. Among other testimonials of esteem two checks of $10,000 each were presented to him by a few friends from New York and New England.

A Southern paper says, "The other day a wolf came into the door-yard of a certain Mr. H——, and commenced catching chickens. A woman of the house chased it to the fence, and as it attempted to pass through laid hold of its hind legs and held it fast, while another woman present went to the opposite side and with a club beat it to death. Might not something of that sort be tried with good effect upon the persons of a certain class of *gentlemen* (?) who infest the street corners in our city, amusing themselves with petty impertinences toward ladies who are unfortunately compelled to pass them? It seems that even our Central Park is not secure from the annoyances of insulting intruders.

In a recently published statistical work there are said to be in London one million four hundred thousand persons who never attend public worship; one hundred and fifty thousand habitual drunkards; one hundred and fifty thousand living in open profligacy; twenty thousand professed beggars; ten thousand gamblers, thirty thousand destitute children, and five thousand receivers of stolen goods. It is a pity the compiler does not give also the number of city missionaries. It ought to be respectably large.

We would recommend Tecumseh, a town in Michigan, as a good place to live in. As proof we quote the following items from the Price Current of that place: Butter, per pound 23 cents; lard, 15; chickens, 14; turkeys, 15; eggs, dozen, 12; beef, per 100 pounds, dressed, $8; corn meal, per 100 pounds, $1 50; apples, per bushel, 50 cents; apples, dried, per pound, 10; honey in box, per pound, 20.

People fond of betting on the results of elections should remember what risky business it is—the betting, we mean. Curious election penances, paid in times past by the foolish, are still fresh in the memory of many. For example: A gentleman in Chicago had to carry a fat Republican on his shoulders through the streets, preceded by a band of music. A well-known New Yorker, as an appropriate punishment for being a Copperhead, was condemned to wear for a year a hat two feet high, with a brim seven inches wide. A student in Maine was compelled to part with his cherished whiskers and mustache. Another man had to whittle two barrels of shavings in the street. A well-known citizen of Boston, in fulfillment of the terms of a wager, wheeled a barrel of oysters all the way from Portland to his house in Bowdoin Square—a journey which occupied him nearly a week.

Fair warning against dangers of *all* kinds should be made public; consequently we also give our readers the following cautionary quotation:

"Marriage is like a flaming candle-light
Placed in the window on a summer night,
Inviting all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty winglets there.
Those that are out butt heads against the pane;
Those that are in butt to get out again!"

There is a new bonnet on the horizon. It is made of one large, full-blown rose, which lies flat on the top of the head, sewn on a scarf of dew-bedropped tulle, which is crossed under the chin, where another small rose peeps forth. The whole is called "chapeau puff." In less than three weeks it will be in struggling rivalry with the "Lamballe."

Cases of *absent-mindedness* are frequently recorded; but here is one quite equal to any we have recently seen:

"I say, cap'n," said a little keen-eyed man, as he landed from the steamer *Potomac*, at Natchez, "I say, cap'n, this here hain't all."

"There is all the baggage you brought on board, Sir," replied the captain.

"Well, see now, I grant it's all O K accordin' to list—four boxes, three chests, two ban'-boxes, a port manty, two hams, one part cut, three ropes o' inyans and a tea-kettle; but you see, cap'n, I'm dubersome, I feel there's somethin' short. Though I've counted 'em over nine times an' never took my eyes off 'em while on board—there's somethin' not right, some how."

"Well, stranger, the time is up; there is all I know of; so bring your wife and five children out of the cabin, as we are off."

"Them's 'em! them's 'em! I know'd I'd forgot somethin'!"

The Chicago *Post* records a singular instance of a woman's revenge. It seems that a certain man in that city, previous to his marriage, had betrayed and deserted a woman to whom he had paid marked attention, and she solemnly swore that she would be revenged. She waited patiently for years, and then aimed a blow at the hearts of those she hated. One day a beautiful little girl four years old, the pet and darling of the family, while playing around the door, mysteriously disappeared. The father and mother were in an agony of grief, as month after month passed away, and their anxious search brought no news of their child. Meanwhile the child had been carried through various cities to Milwaukee, and, by means of a false and pitiful story, was adopted into a family who became tenderly attached to her. At length she was discovered, and the parents hastened to clasp her in their arms. But the little girl had forgotten her real parents, and her affections were entirely centred on those she had learned to regard as such. She absolutely refused to be taken from them, but the parents, however, insisted upon taking her home. The child cried herself into convulsions on being separated from those she had grown to love so fondly. Her own parents were utter strangers, and all their endeavors failed to pacify her. She refused to eat or be amused with any thing, but sat moaning continuously for home. This continued for about a week, when she was seized with a sudden spasm and died. The woman who carried her off, wherever she may be, will have the satisfaction of knowing that her revenge has been indeed complete.

The following advertisement, which appears in an English paper of recent date, is a unique specimen of style and grammatical construction:

UNMANAGEABLE BOYS, or Youths (up to twenty years), made perfectly tractable and gentlemanly, in one year, by a clergyman, near town, of thirty years' experience, whose peculiarly persuasive, high moral, and religious training at once elevates children of peculiar tempers and disposition (because not understood) to the level of others. A most liberal education (including modern languages, successful preparation for every examination and vocation in life, and every gentlemanly comfort) on moderate terms.

We do not know the author of the following outburst; probably the writer was afraid and ashamed to take any other signature than "Anonymous:"

"Dip the Atlantic Ocean dry with a tea-spoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; send up fishing-hooks with balloons and fish for stars; get astride a gossamer and chase a comet; choke a mosquito with a brick-bat—in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will when she has made up her mind to say she won't."

The following is a translation of a passage from a Persian poet:

"The Heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection; the World is a bud from the bower of His beauty; the Sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom; and the Sky is a bubble on the Sea of His power. His beauty is free from the spot of sin hidden in the thick veil of darkness; He made mirrors of the atoms of the world, and threw a reflection from His own face on every atom."

A lake, about two miles in circumference, from which borax is obtained in extremely pure condition and in very large quantity, has been recently discovered in California. The borax hitherto in use has been procured by combining boracic acid from Tuscany, with soda. It is used in large quantities in this country, the potteries of Staffordshire alone consuming more than 1100 tons annually.

A curious book has just been published at Paris, in which the author endeavors to prove that the destiny of the human race is influenced by the earth's magnetism. In like manner as the zodiacal light, shooting stars, and other natural phenomena are referable to an effect of magnetism, so, he thinks, are great events in the history of nations and of individuals. For example, the 9th of November is the day of least magnetic circulation and of least physical and moral energy, while the 22d of June is the day of most circulation and most energy.

Then, again, the author declares it is to magnetism that certain great moral events are due—Teutonism in Prussia, Anglicanism in England, Gallicanism in France, and Catholicism in the Papal States. This is a novel solution of difficult questions.

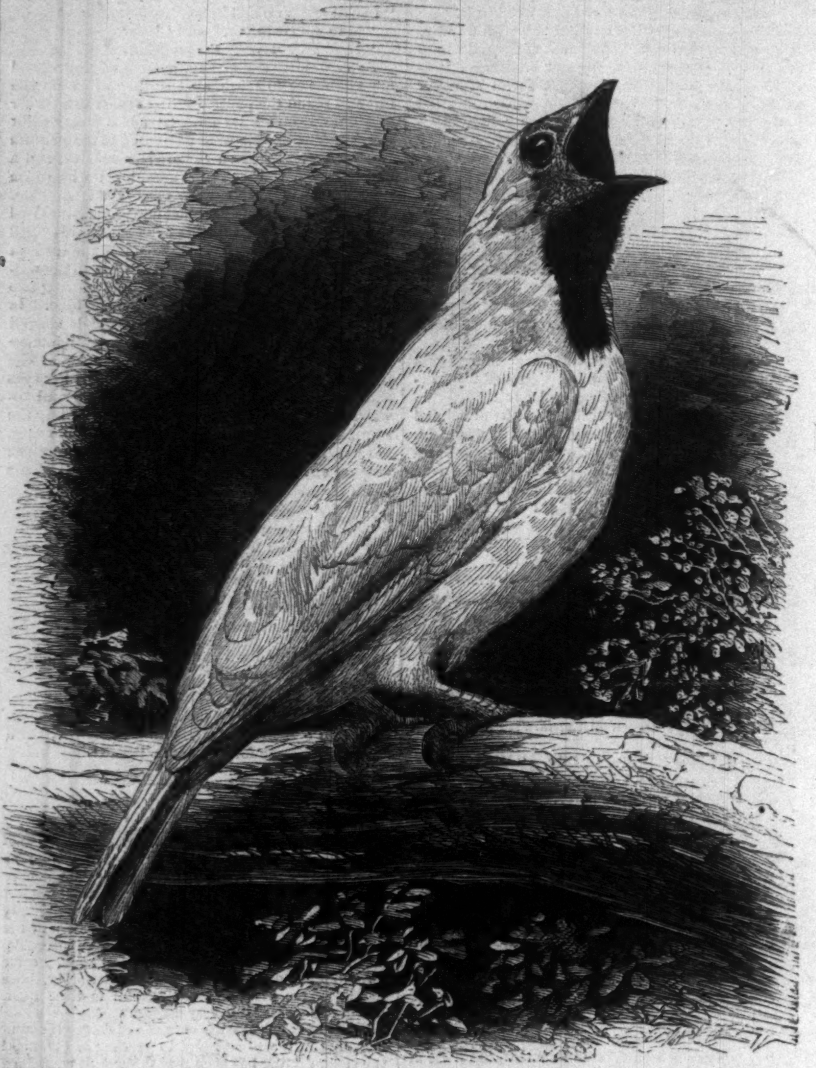
MOTHER'S WORK.

Toiling all day like a galley slave,
Teaching the little brats how to behave,
Hearing the older ones quarrel and fight,
Slapping and cuffing with all her might;
Washing and brushing and blowing their noses,
Such is the mother's work till the day closes.

Sewing up rents in their best pants torn,
Patching on new cloth over the worn;
Never once pausing to count the stitches,
Darning alike the boys and the breeches;
Thankful in heart when they're out of the way,
Such is a mother's life day by day.

Sending each night-gowned urchin to bed,
Longing to hear the last word said;
Wishing them happy in heaven above,
With all the warmth of a mother's love:
Now, may the good angels be thankful alway,
That they never work like mothers all day.

STATUE OF THE LATE SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, IN WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.



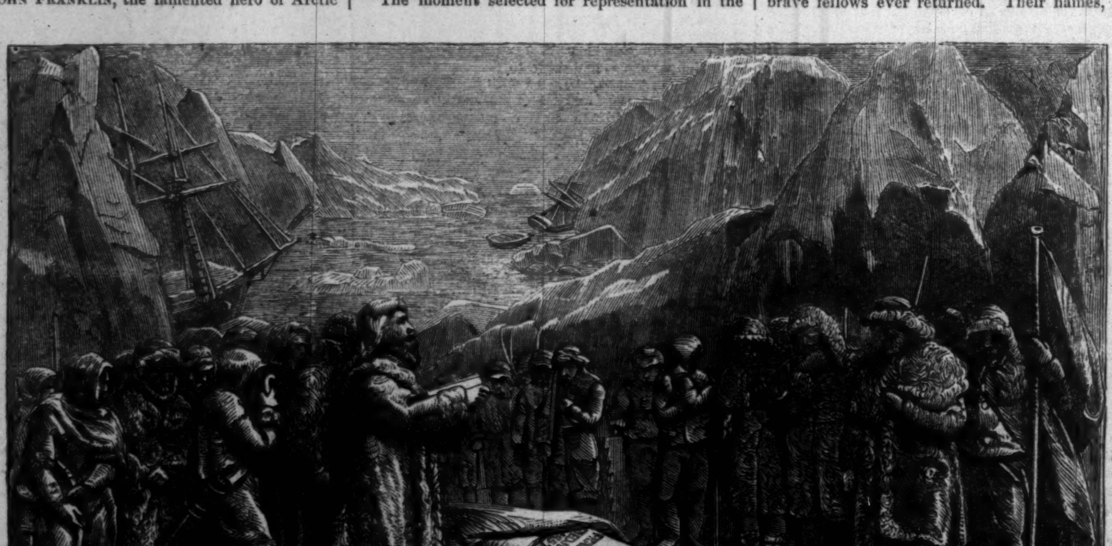
THE BELL-BIRD OF SOUTH AMERICA.

MONUMENT OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The accompanying illustrations give an idea of the monument recently erected to the memory of Sir John Franklin, the lamented hero of Arctic navigation and discovery, in Waterloo Place, London, and of the bas-relief sculpture on the front of the pedestal. The statue is cast in bronze, and is eight feet four inches high. The pedestal is of polished granite.

The moment selected for representation in the statue is when Franklin was addressing his officers and crew, and telling them that the Northwest Passage had at last been discovered. He grasps in his hand the telescope, chart, and compasses; and wears the uniform of a naval commander, with a loose over-coat of fur as a protection against the extreme coldness of the Polar climate. The sculptor's great object was to give the character of Franklin in the statue, and as far as possible by outward form to indicate those qualities of the mind which enabled Sir John, by his deeds in life and by an example of heroic endurance in death, to add to the fame and glory of his country. The likeness has been pronounced by Lady Franklin, and others who knew her husband best, to be characteristic and excellent.

The bas-relief on the front of the pedestal represents the funeral of Franklin, at which Captain Crozier reads the burial service. He is surrounded by the other sorrowing officers and crew of the two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*. It is well known that not one of the whole number of these brave fellows ever returned. Their names, however, with the name of Franklin himself, are recorded on bronze panels at the side of the memorial. In the panel at the back of the tribute there is an embossed bronze chart of the Arctic regions, showing the position of the two ships and their crews at the time of the death of Franklin. The pedestal is further adorned with the representation, in bronze, of a large cable at the cornice, to indicate at once the tribute commemorating a sailor; and there is also a bronze moulding at the plinth, enriched with oak-leaves and acorns, to denote strength and magnanimity.



BAS-RELIEF ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE LATE SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, IN WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.

THE BELL-BIRD OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Our illustration of this remarkable bird (the *Chasmorhynchus nudicollis*) is taken from a living specimen. It is not of the same species known and described by the late Charles Waterton, but one very nearly allied to it; in fact, so near that the absence of a singular wattle over the upper bill constitutes almost the only difference in their shape.

The difference in the vocal powers of the two species is, however, very remarkable. It is generally in the early part of the day that this bird sends forth its loud and wonderful notes. The first note is a loud, harsh, and somewhat grating noise; this is followed by six or eight fine, clear, metallic-ringing notes, with an interval of about a second between each note. The resemblance of these to the sound of an anvil is most extraordinary, and has given rise to its local native name of the Anvil-bird, though it is called by Europeans the Bell-bird. The clear metallic ring, repeated at about the rate a blacksmith strikes upon the anvil, is so perfect that many persons upon hearing it were unwilling to believe the sound could be produced by the delicate organs forming the vocal apparatus of so small a bird. The bird is a native of Brazil, and is said to feed almost entirely upon fruit.

This bird is a little larger than a missel-thrush. The plumage is perfectly white, the eyes pale gray; the naked throat and skin round the eyes are a fine bright green.

Waterton, in his "Wanderings," page 108, speaking of the Bell-bird, says. "His note is loud and clear, like the sound of a bell, and may be heard at a distance of three miles. In the midst of these extensive wilds, generally on the dried top of an aged mora, almost out of gun-reach, you will see the campanero. No sound or song from any of the winged inhabitants of the forest—not even the clearly-pronounced 'whip-poor-will' from the goat-sucker—causes such astonishment as the toll of the campanero. With many of the feathered race he pays the common tribute of a morning and an evening song; and even when the meridian sun has shut in silence the mouths of almost the whole of animated nature the campanero still cheers the forest. You hear his toll, and then a pause for a minute; then another toll, then a pause again; and then a toll, and again a pause; then he is silent for six or eight minutes, and then another toll, and so

on. Actæon would stop in mid chase, Maria would defer her evening song, and Orpheus himself would drop his lute to listen to him, so sweet, so novel, and romantic is the toll of the pretty snow-white campanero. He is never seen to feed with the other species, nor is it known in what part of Guiana he makes his nest."

NATIONAL CEMETERIES IN VIRGINIA.

The erection of National Cemeteries over the Federal dead who now lie on the battle-fields of Virginia devolves upon Colonel Jas. M. Moore, of the United States Army. For some time extensive parties have been engaged in this humane labor.

Cold Harbor Cemetery was commenced February 27, 1866, and was completed April 30. This Cemetery contains one and one-half acres of ground, laid out in the form of a square. It is divided into four sections —A, B, C, and D—each section containing 216 graves. A mound, fifteen feet high, stands in the centre, over which always float the National colors.

To the rear of the graves are two large trenches, numbered 1 and 2. No. 1 contains 568 unknown Union soldiers; No. 2 contains 321. The total number of known bodies in the entire Cemetery is 685; of unknown, 1245. Of these 50 are the remains of officers, from the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel down, one chaplain, and 89 non-commissioned officers.

The selection of the site for Cold Harbor Cemetery is peculiarly appropriate. It was here, June 3, 1864, that five successive charges were made by our troops—the Sixth Corps on the left, the Second and Ninth in the centre, and the Eighteenth on the right. The fifth and final charge was successful in securing position for the Second, Sixth, and Ninth Corps, the Eighteenth flanking the rebel General Hoke's Corps, and inflicting heavy loss upon the latter. Hoke was finally reinforced by Pickens, and drove back the Eighteenth Corps, thus establishing the broken lines of the rebel front. The Union army then threw up intrenchments and held its position for ten days, skirmishing all the time, when they withdrew to a point many miles southward.

The immediate neighborhood of the Cemetery presents a most desolate appearance.

Seven Pines Cemetery, twelve miles from Richmond, was commenced May 1, 1866, and completed June 27. This is also square in form, and of about the same size as that at Cold Harbor. It is divided, like the latter, into four sections, each of which contains 202 graves. But here there are no trenches. Only 154 out of 1356 bodies here interred have been identified. There are 32 commissioned and 17 non-commissioned officers buried here. All those interred in this Cemetery fell in the engagements at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines.

Bodies in many cases have been found unburied on the fields.

DRIVING IN CENTRAL PARK.—[Drawn by C. G. Bush.]

HORSE-MEAT IN PARIS.

When it was reported some months ago that a new institution in the shape of a Horse-meat Market was to be inaugurated in Paris, the Parisian public smiled incredulously. But in spite of incredulity, and even of disgust, the thing has been done, and a horse-meat market has been opened in Paris.

They sell horse-meat in Paris and they eat it, as our illustration demonstrates.

It is said that all those who have laid aside prejudice, and have eaten this new style of viand, have found it excellent. The soldiers of Confederate General Pemberton's army, we believe, are willing to corroborate this testimony. Doubt is no longer in place.—The Hippophagi have reason on their side.

A restaurant adjoins the market, where the Parisian gourmands may eat horse-meat steak or horse *à la mode* at twenty *centimes* a plate. We recommend the experiment to those in our city who, in fashion and in *cuisine*, are imitators of Parisians.

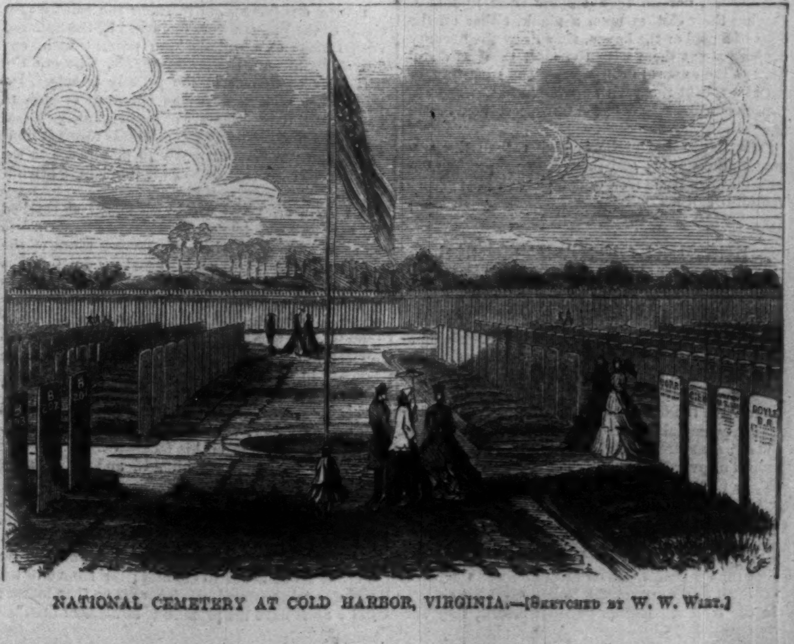
FLOWER-BEDS IN CENTRAL PARK.

Why should flower-gardens be laid off in round, square, oblong, or other formal beds? This question must have occurred to many who have laid out or planted a garden, be it large or small. But custom, which dulls even the most inventive faculties, has in this matter been supreme. Flower-beds of meaningless and not beautiful shapes, surrounded by stiff box edging, are still the prevailing fashion.

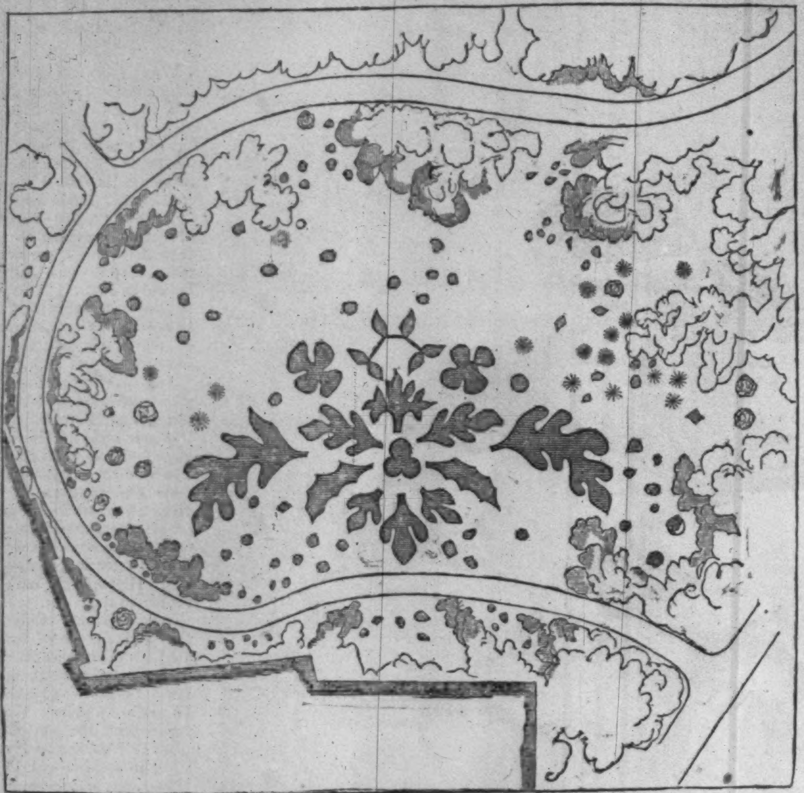
Our Central Park, which has done so much to improve and cultivate the taste of our people in laying out grounds, planting trees, and making roads, affords just now a fine example of what a flower-garden may be. It has occurred to Mr. I. A. Pilat, one of the principal landscape-gardeners engaged on the Park, that, in forming flower-beds, he might avail himself of the shapes of leaves; and by a proper and harmonious arrangement of beds cut out of the turf, in the shape of different leaves, he has produced an effect which will no doubt strike all lovers of flowers as both beautiful and simple.

The sketch given on page 670 presents an outline of this flower-garden, which is now attracting attention from visitors to the Park. It is about an acre in extent, and is kept in full bloom. It forms

NATIONAL CEMETERY AT SEVEN PINES, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by W. W. Wist.]



NATIONAL CEMETERY AT COLD HARBOR, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by W. W. Wist.]



FLOWER-BEDS IN CENTRAL PARK.

one of the most attractive objects in the Park. The flowers are planted in masses, which gives an opportunity for the harmonious arrangement of colors as well as forms, in which Mr. Pilat has succeeded admirably. Our lady readers, even if they have but small gardens, will find it a pleasure to work upon the hint Mr. Pilat's plan gives them. They need use but two, or three, or four leaves; and may produce a beautiful effect, in this way, upon a space but a few feet square as well as upon an acre.

ACADIANS OF LOUISIANA.

These primitive people are the descendants of Canadian French settlers in Louisiana; and by dint of intermarriage they have succeeded in getting pretty well down in the social scale.

Without energy, education, or ambition, they are good representatives of the white trash, behind the age in every thing. The majority of all the white inhabitants of these parishes are tolerably ignorant, but these are grossly so—so little are they thought of—that the niggers, when they want to express contempt for one of their own race, call him an Acadian nigger. Their views of the future life are principally confined to the prospect of meeting Monsieur Vulsin, a prominent man among them, who departed this life a good while ago. Some of them are devout Catholics, to which Church they are all attached.

To live without effort is their apparent aim in life, and they are satisfied with very little, and are, as a class, quite poor. Their language is a mixture of French and English, quite puzzling to the uninitiated. During the civil war, although forced into the Confederate ranks, they were considered Unionists, and were kind to those who needed their help.

With a little mixture of fresh blood and some learning they might become much improved, and have higher aims than the possession of land enough to grow their corn and a sufficiency of "goujon" (gudgeon). They have suffered a great deal by the overflowing waters, even to making their escape from their houses in boats, or knocking the upper works off and floating to safety on the floor for a raft.

Washing-day is a sketch from life. These simple folks have no acquaintance apparently with the wash-board, nor do they employ their knuckles. Placing their clothes upon a plank, either on the edge of a pool or the bayou, they draw their scanty drapery about them with the most reckless disregard to the exposure consequent, and squatting, or kneeling, beat them with a wooden bat. The approach of a stranger does not disconcert them much, if at all.

The Bayou Lafourche is higher than the surrounding country; and this picture shows the figures on top of the levee, or banquette, as the French residents call it. A. R. W.

BURNING OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

About ten p.m., October 6, a fire broke out in the packing-room of Voght & Co.'s porcelain warehouse, 44 Crosby Street. The building, belonging to Messrs. C. Godfrey Gunther & Sons, had a marble front on Broadway, and was five stories in height. The inflammable material in the packing-room gave the fire a rapid headway. The building was only partially destroyed, but the fire spread into the adjacent streets, destroying altogether property valued at over half a million of dollars.

The principal loss involved in this conflagration was that of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral, the roof of which caught fire from blazing fragments falling from the Gunther building. The Cathedral was entirely destroyed. When the rumor spread that the Cathedral was on fire there was the greatest excitement among the Roman Catholic citizens in the streets. Led on by their priests, they succeeded in securing and carrying away from the edifice a large amount of valuable property—carpets, candle-sticks, sacred vessels, vestments, and oil-paintings. The sacred vessels and vestments were estimated at $20,000. One set of vestments alone, brought from Paris by Archbishop Hughes, was valued at $3000. But all the efforts made to save the building were fruitless. By 2 o'clock on Sunday morning the Cathedral was a complete wreck.

The aggregate loss sustained by the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral is about $150,000 in round figures, upon which there is the following insurances: On the building, $10,000 each in the City, Harmony, Bowery, and Jefferson Insurance companies; on the organ, $6000 in the Stuyvesant; and $5000 on vestments in the Eagle and Equitable. This Cathedral was built in 1811 by Bishop Dubois, and the additions were made by Bishop Hughes in 1838, who had the entire edifice redecorated and repainted at that time. It was for many years the pride of the denomination which had erected it, and the edifice was endeared to the congregation attending there by many sacred memories, among which may be mentioned that its vaults contain the remains of the late lamented Archbishop Hughes, and the Right Rev. Drs. Concanen, Conolly, and Dubois. Great efforts were made during the progress of the fire to preserve these vaults, and these efforts were successful. The organ was a very valuable one, and was, at the time of its erection in 1838, considered the finest in the United States. The frescoes adorning the edifice were fine works of art, and very costly.

FERRY-BOAT ON BERWICK BAY.

As the business done between the opposite shores of this beautiful sheet of water is limited, so the ferry arrangements are of the most primitive character—a flat-boat propelled by a couple of negroes, who push the oars instead of pulling them. Infinitely picturesque, however, is this boat, with its freight of oxen, country carts, stray Texans with their mustangs, Acadians, and negroes, forming a picture, as it floats by the moss-draped oaks, exceedingly attractive to an artist's eye. A. R. W.

A THIEF IN THE CONFESSIONAL.

Early one fine spring morning the saintly precincts of the Vatican were disturbed by the agitated vociferations of a rude-looking peasant man, endeavoring to pass the Swiss guards, who are the particular custodians of the priestly temple. He was thrust back as a person not good enough to be admitted to the presence of his holiness the Pope. But, notwithstanding all their refusals to admit him, he still prayed very earnestly to be allowed to see the Pope, or at least one of his immediate attendant priests.

His loud cries and vociferations at last reached the ears that he intended, for the Pope happened to pass near the spot when the earnest tones of the man met his ear. With his usual good-nature Pio Nono asked what was the matter, and who it was who wanted to see him. He was told it was a poor man in great agitation, who said that he had to say something which he would only tell to the Pope himself. "Let him enter at once. Let him be brought in."

The Pope sat in his easy-chair—not the chair of St. Peter—when at the door appeared a man all soiled and weary, while suffering, fright, and agitation were written on his face. On approaching the Pope he prostrated himself, and in agonized tones demanded absolution.

"Absolution! and for what?" said the Pope. "Has your confessor refused it that you come to me?"

"No, holy father; I come to ask absolution for a crime I was about to commit; for I have to tell you of a tale so dreadful. There is no time to lose; but I must have the promise of absolution first."

The Pope, seeing the violent agitation of the man, made him approach him—for he had remained prostrate at the feet of the Pope, and, stretching forth his hand, gave the man the requested absolution, "Ego te absolvo."

The poor man still continued kneeling, and thus began his story:

"I am now, your holiness, going to confess to you the crime I was about to commit, and for which I have obtained your holy absolution.

"About five o'clock in the afternoon I was passing the church of ——, when I bethought me that I would go in and say a Paternoster, or I might be in time for vespers. I entered the church, and oh, holy father!—but I have absolution—the sight of the gold and silver, and the jewels on the holy image by the great altar, made me think that with one, only one of the many that are there, I might get many things I want." The poor man looked up timidly into the face of the Pope, and read there the horror which he felt at the confession of his quondam penitent, and he seemed afraid to go on.

"Go on," said the Pope, "and tell the truth, and nothing but the truth." The man then proceeded, endeavoring to keep clear of the searching eyes of him to whom he was telling his story.

"I looked about me to find a hiding-place where I should be safe from any of the many priests employed about the church; and, thinking that, as vespers were at hand, no more persons would come to confession, and seeing at the farther end of the church near to the altar a confessional rather smaller than the rest, I hid myself there, closing curtain and door after me, determined to wait until all the services should be over, and the church left quiet for the night.

"But still, holy father, the thought of passing the night alone in the church, under the stones of which so many dead lay sleeping, nearly made me give up my place. Again the thought of the silver, and the gold, and the jewels made me quiet, and I remained in my hiding-place.

"Among the many who came in and out of the church, there came—oh, how shall I tell your holiness?" began the man, trembling violently. The Pope soothed the man, being anxious himself to hear the end of his most extraordinary revelation; and at length, after shedding even tears in his agitation, he resumed: "I was saying that among those who came to the church that afternoon was a young girl about seventeen years of age. I heard her inquire of the sacristan for one of the father confessors. My fright was great, for fear she should enter the confessional where I was hidden; but no, at this moment—for I could see through the curtains—one of the monks came toward her to the altar very near to where I was, and, bending his head to speak to her, I heard she had come to confess herself.

"I knew the girl by sight, as the only daughter of a well-to-do farmer in the neighborhood, a girl who was noted for her modesty and beauty. The priest, by name Father Mura, told the *bella donnina* to go into his room, as there were so many persons in the church that he could not give her his attention as he ought. This placed me more at my ease, as I now felt sure that there was no time for any one to come to the confessional, as vespers would commence in a few minutes."

The Pope thought it wise to have some one as a witness for the strange story to which he was listening, and, touching a silver bell, he ordered that a certain priest, who served as secretary, should be called.

The poor man thought that his hour of pains and penalties had come, and, prostrating himself before the Pope, he most loudly begged him to let him finish his recital, saying, "If it is not true, your holiness may punish me as you think fit."

The priest for whom the Pope had sent here arrived, bringing writing materials with him, and, having been told already what had passed, prepared himself to hear what was further to be told, and the man proceeded.

"I was still in the box of the confessional when vespers began and ended. The sacristan was going here and there, putting the church in order, when I saw the same priest who had told the girl to go to his room come into the church in conversation with another priest. They walked up and down, talking together, and evidently both were agitated in no common degree. But suddenly a thought came over me; where was the girl who had gone to the priest's room for confession? She had not passed through the church, because, in my position, with nothing to do, I had seen every one who had gone in and out. What, then, had become of her? I could not get the thought out of my mind during the hours that I waited for night to do the wicked deed for which your holiness has granted me your benign absolution.

"At length all became quiet in the church; all the late worshipers, who had come to say an Ave Maria or a Paternoster for a sick child or a husband, had departed; the sacristan had shut the doors, and I remained in entire silence. Still I must wait, for I did not dare to leave my hiding-place until after midnight, as some of the priests or monks might come to say their midnight prayers; so I waited until the great clock of the monastery chimed midnight, when I had made up my mind to leave my hiding-place, and was about to creep softly forth. I was startled at hearing, from the corridor which contained the apartments of the priest, a loud cry, and then an entreaty for mercy; then all was still. What could I do but go back to the confessional and wait? In a short time I was again about to come forth, when I perceived a light, and heard footsteps coming from the monks' corridor to the church. I speedily hid myself again, and had scarcely got into my box when a kind of procession entered the church, which, oh, holy father! makes me tremble to think of. First came a priest, holding a long iron bar in his hand, such as is used to lift up the stones in the church; another priest, bearing a lantern; while, dragged in by two other priests, one of whom was the monk Father Mura, was the hapless girl who had entered the convent church in the afternoon. Her hair was hanging over her shoulders, and her dress disordered, and her face was pale with death. I dared not put my head out too far, but was trembling all over, well knowing that if I was seen I should never live to tell your holiness of it.

"The priest who bore the crow-bar now lifted the stone over which they had been standing, and discovered a large vault; here they threw the body of the girl, and, replacing the stone, went their way, thinking that there was no witness of their diabolical crime.

"I can not tell how I passed the night. The fear that some one should return and find me, as also the terrible deed which I had witnessed, kept me from even closing my eyes; and, as soon as the sacristan had opened the doors, and as soon as he had turned his back, I left my hiding-place, and came at my best speed to tell to your holiness all I had seen."

The Pope was deeply moved at the recital, and, giving the man into the custody of the priest his secretary, he ordered that some of the carabinieri should go to the monastery, with a mason to lift the stone, and verify the truth of what had been said. When the carabinieri arrived at the church they found the vile Father Mura endeavoring, as it seemed, to give consolation to a neat-looking woman, something above the peasant class, who was deeply distressed at the absence of her daughter, whom, she said, she had not seen since she left home for the purpose of confession the night before or rather evening.

"Your daughter has no doubt gone to visit some of her friends," said the wily priest, "and will return before night."

The poor mother little thought that she was almost standing over the grave of her child. At this moment the monk caught sight of the carabinieri, and he became rather agitated; but, recovering himself, he asked them what they wanted.

"We will show you, but our orders are to say nothing."

Upon this the guards formed themselves around the stone which had been described to them, and the mason, advancing at their order, raised the stone, and there lay a heap of what seemed clothing, but when taken up proved to be the body of the poor girl, with a stiletto stab in her breast. Horror took possession of every one who saw it, and all wondered who could have done such a wicked deed as to murder that innocent, childish-looking form. But there was one whose guilty heart told him that God's justice takes reckoning with men, and that deeds done in the darkness are sure to be brought to light. Had this thing happened in any other place than Rome nothing would have saved the monk from the just wrath of the people; but in that wonderful but priest-ridden city the papal clergy act almost with impunity.

The carabinieri bore back to the Vatican the lifeless body which but yesterday was the pride and support of a mother, and the Pope himself came forth to verify the truth of what he had been told.

The grief of the mother we must not speak of. May He who has her in his holy keeping pour balm into her wounded heart. The Pope ordered masses to be said for the girl's soul, and gave her a Christian's burial.

And the monks, says the reader, how were they punished? A secret conclave sent from the Vatican, and charged with *a severe reprimand*, met at the monastery, and the next morning it was known that the inmates had all left under cover of the night, and had gone to another monastery in the hills.

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Woonsocket, *September* 17, 1866.

Gentlemen,—I once more forward you an order for Teas, and I hope you will still continue to send as good a quality as you have heretofore, for I must say it has given general satisfaction so far. I think the thing is going along first-rate in this place. I never thought when I sent the first $20 last February that it would have got along so fast, but all like it, and it must go on. I hope you will send this as soon as you get the order, for some of them that have sent live quite a distance from here, and I told them that it would be here on Thursday. I remain, Gentlemen, yours respectfully,

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For further particulars, getting up clubs, &c., see Harper's Weekly, Sept. 29, 1866—page 624.

Pittsburg, *May* 10, 1866.

Messrs. Hostetter & Smith:

Gentlemen,—During a visit to the West, last fall, I contracted chills and fever, which brought me to my bed, and finally terminated in typhoid fever, and confined me to my room for several months, during which time I was physically so prostrated that I almost despaired of ever recovering my health; having almost entirely lost my appetite, for days not being able to eat a morsel, added to which I was distressed with a reeling sensation in my head, and passed many sleepless nights—all from debility, caused by my prostrate condition, brought about by fever. At this stage of my condition a friend recommended me to use your celebrated Stomach Bitters, but, being morally opposed to the use of stimulants in any form, I at first declined, but afterward yielded my prejudices, and, after taking the medicine for several weeks, my appetite returned, and with it I am rapidly regaining my former strength and vigor. My sleep (from the loss of which I have suffered much) has never been better than it is now, and the reeling sensation (before alluded to) has entirely left me. My bowels, which were much constipated and irregular, are now quite natural, and, in fact, I am glad to say that I feel myself a new man, and tender you this testimonial of my appreciation of your valuable preparation, in order that others may avail themselves of its virtues, which prejudice kept me from enjoying for so long a period. I may also add that my physician, after seeing the beneficial effect of your Bitters on me, recommended that I use them regularly.

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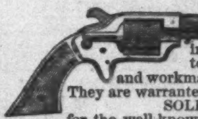

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General Strother *will continue his* "Personal Recollections of the War;" *and the various departments of the Magazine, whether furnished by the Editors or by Contributors, will be maintained in such a manner as to merit a continuance of the favor which the Magazine has received for almost Seventeen Years.*

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